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PICTORIAL LADIES WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.

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"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

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THE

Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

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EDITED BY

MISS MADGE ROBERTSON, M. A.,

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Special Notice.

All communications of a Business Nature relating to Competitions and Remittances must be addressed and made payable ONLY to the order of the LADIES PICTORIAL CO., and NOT to the Editor.

An extra charge will be made for boxing and packing charges on all prizes and premiums given by us.

IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

Mrs. E. Molson Spragge.

We are glad to be able to announce that Mrs. E. Molson Spragge has joined the staff of the LADIES PICTORIAL, to which she will contribute articles entitled "Idle Thoughts of Idle Women." Mrs. Spragge is the eldest daughter of the late Hon. J. Hillyard Camerin, for many years leader of the Ontario bar. She inherited her father's brilliant abilities and has already established a literary reputation throughout the Dominion by her book "From Ontario to the Pacific," published in 1887, and by her contributions to the *Dominion Illustrated*, *The Week*, and the *Mail*.

New Styles at Messrs. R. Score & Son's.

Messrs. Score have lately opened a ladies' department in their establishment, and have secured the services of a first-rate cutter from London, England, to carry on the work in this department. We have no doubt, judging by the clever work shown to us, when paying them a visit, that the new venture will prove a success, and will be well patronized by ladies who like the well-fitting stylish garments, that only a good ladies tailor can turn out. Our artist has sketched two or three of the latest styles shown, which will be found on page 247. The jacket is the latest shape in loose backed covert coats, made with the whole front and back, and has a novel appearance. The costume on the left is generally made in tweed, and has the whole front and back, and forms a very effective out-door gown. The one on the right has a waistcoat with gilt stripes and trimming, and the ordinary bell skirt. It is noticeable, however, as having the short basque which is again coming into fashion.

Messrs. McKendry & Co.'s Opening.

The patrons of the above firm not only had their sense of sight charmed by the many pretty things shown at their opening, but their sense of hearing was also gratified, a band having been engaged during the two days when their first exhibition of spring goods took place. We have reproduced for our readers a few of the latest fashions in hats and mantles that we noticed. The jacket on the top is the reefer shape, made in boxcloth, with velvet collar and flaps to the pockets, and makes a stylish driving coat, without that loss to the figure, which is so noticeable in some of the latest jackets of the season. The other coat is in black English twill with large hip pockets, and has the Newmarket back, and very large buttons. The hat in the left hand bottom corner of the page, has a Tam crown in green velvet, a fancy straw rim, trimmed with light green ribbon drawn in and out of the straw, the flowers being single chrysanthemums. The hat at the top has a very rich appearance, the crown being in gold with grey and gold ribbons and sprays in the same two colors. The bonnet below it is toque shaped, with a cream ribbon crown and black velvet and cream points and sprays, while the rim is formed of mauve hyacinths, the ties being of black velvet. The contrast between the colors give this bonnet a charming effect. The hat on the top figure was also shown, and is one of the large shapes likely to be much worn this summer. It has a chiffon brim in "crushed strawberry," and black lace, trimmed with velvet roses and leaves to match, the ribbons and ties matching the brim in color.

Visitors to the Sanctum.

A FEW days ago I sat writing in the sanctum. I was getting out an elaborate editorial for this issue, on Easter. It is not in, because I was interrupted. For once writing seemed wearisome. The sunshine was so bright out-of-doors and looking out of the window, I could see children having just the loveliest time. It seemed hard to be tied to a desk on such a day. I couldn't think of anything new to say about Easter. Everybody has said all there is to say, long ago. I had reached the point of discontent that leads to either hard work or throwing the whole thing over, when I heard a soft, gurgling, little laugh just beneath the window. I looked and there was the winsomest little maiden looking up at me. I threw open the window.

"Oh, come in!" I cried, "Oh, *do* come in."

She just shook her head and laughed. I ran downstairs to discuss the matter.

"Who are you, dear?" I asked, when I got outside and bent down to talk to her.

She hung her head.

"Won't you come in and see me and tell me all about it?"

She still looked the dainty sweetest little picture of bashful hesitation. "I have a dog and a kitten up there and lots of pictures and—"

Here I noticed she looked behind her. I looked too, and here were half-a-dozen other small persons watching the interview with deep interest.

"Oh, won't you all come in?" I asked, delighted at this interruption, "Oh, do—" and I begin to think of what attractions I can offer.

My menu is sufficiently tempting—in a weak moment I promise a story—and up they all come with me. After they have each seized the article in the room they like best and Moosey has offered his paw to each, they clamber on chairs and windowsills. Then we all have a beautiful time. I find out all their names and tell them everything about myself including the reason I wear a bracelet on one wrist and not on the other. I also go into a minute explanation of how I got an ink-spot on my finger, and why Moosey's tail is shorter than that of an unknown poodle named Dan. A searching catechism I undergo as to the meaning and use of every article on my desk, suddenly reminds me of my Easter editorial still unbegun. I speak to them.

"Listen, young ladies and gentlemen"—giggles and oh's and shoves—"Do you know what Sunday next Sunday is?"

"Yeth, Eathter Thunday," promptly from a fair, prim little girl, who sat up straight on the edge of a chair.

"Well, and what do you do on Easter Sunday?"

They evidently did various things, such as eating eggs and going to church in their new clothes. So I told them what I did on that day, and we talked of what Mary Smith, and Polly Jones and Bobbie Brown, all the relatives past and present of the aforesaid Mary and Polly and Bobbie did. Then from that I went on with the story in which I brought in a good deal about Easter. The little boys and girls in my story lived in Germany.

"You know there," I said, "a long time before Easter Sunday all the little boys and girls go peeping round the shop-windows to see what presents they are going to get for Easter. Isn't it funny? Just like we do at Christmas—I mean just like Santa Claus does. And what do think they give each other? Why eggs all painted yellow, red, and blue. Eggs made of chocolate or sugar, with ribbons and pictures on them. In the shop-windows there are chickens, with boxes to hold candy inside them, and lambs that play a tune, and goats playing on guitars, or dragging fairy-like egg-shaped carriages behind them. And once I saw a little hare driving with two little baby hares inside, and a mother-hare rocking a wee wee baby hare to sleep in an egg-cradle. And what do you think they play with at Easter? Why eggs, of course, hard eggs, and they throw them to each other and catch them, like Moosey does this bit of cookie," (we were all eating cakes by this time) "and they hunt all through the woods to find the nest eggs. And when they find the nests all full of lovely fancy eggs they say:

"'See what the good hare has brought us!' The little hare is at Easter like Santa Claus is at Christmas. Then they rush and open the bright eggs—some of them are wooden and open—and inside there is a ribbon or a pair of gloves." (There is such disgust on faces of the two male specimens present, and I hasten to add) "or a top or a bicycle—" (I quake, but they let this go by) "or a toy balloon or some other nice little thing. Then they spend the rest of the day dancing and playing games. Now, that is what would happen you if your name was Gretchen," (kissing the little maid I hold on my knee) "and if your name was Hans."

"Tell us some more."

"But I have some work to do."

Seven such wistful faces looked up to me that I postpone again the dreaded task.

"Well, if you lived in—let me see—Russia, where there is a Czar and ice and dynamite, and double consonats—I mean where it is very cold and where you would be called little Olga if you were a girl, and Ivan if you were a boy, what would you do there on Easter do you think?

"You would get even more presents, flowers and fruit, birds and angels, all made of wax and tied with ribbon to a palm branch. That would be the Sunday before Easter and next morning you could take that stick and go around and whip everybody who wouldn't get up."

Great delight manifested by the masculine portion of the audience.

"And then on Easter Sunday everybody in the whole country, big men and little boys and women and everybody kiss each other! Just think of that! They kiss each other in the house, in the street—everywhere. Yes, it is very funny, but you would get used to it if you lived there."

"I hate kissing," said Johnnie promptly.

"That's right, Johnnie," I said, approvingly. "Retain that impression when you are grown-up and you will be saved lots of trouble."

"But if you lived in Ireland and were called Kitty or Barney, you would get up before daylight on Easter morning to see—guess what? The sun dance. Now you try that on Sunday all of you. The sun always dances when it rises on Easter morning. Then across the water from Ireland on Easter Sunday long ago in England they used to do such funny things. The men used to go about the streets taking a shoe off every woman they met, unless the woman gave them some money. Or two of them would form a chair this way," (and I cross my hands with my demure little lassie) "and make each woman sit on it. Then they would lift her into the air, and she would have to kiss each of them and—yes, it is very silly Johnnie—and give them money also.

"But away down south of Europe, at Rome on Easter Sunday, they have a big procession. First come two men with white ostrich feathers, then the Pope in his crimson chair, dressed in bright, gorgeous robes with a silk canopy over his head. He goes into the big church, St. Peter's, and after celebrating mass, comes out on a balcony and blesses the people."

"What would be our nameth if we lived there?" queried the aforesaid demure maiden.

"Perhaps Carlotta and Tito. Wouldn't you liked to be called Tito, Johnnie?"

Strong dissent expressed.

"But if you were all poor little Turks—" great giggling "and wore a fez on your head, like that red one in the hall, and everybody called you Zuleika, or Fatima, or Emin, or Habiz, you would see a dreadful thing on Easter Sunday. Just think of everybody killing rams and sheep, and letting the blood run down the streets. Yes, it is dreadful but—poor things—they think they are doing right, and then they dance and sing, shout and discharge guns—bang! bang!—for eight days.

"My!" said the male portion of the audience and "Oh! oh!" said the female.

"But I must hurry through, little ones, and get to my work. You would go to all the big churches if your names were Marie and Victor and you lived in France and there you would see flowers and hundreds of candles, and mama in a new bonnet. In France they used to let every Christian box the ear of every Jew. But they don't do that dreadful thing any more.

Now I can only tell you about one more country and that is the country next to France. Spain where your mother would call to you "Rosa! Miguel! There on Easter Sunday you would go to church, and when the service was done, which takes place behind a large curtain, the curtain is snatched away and fireworks burst out from all the galleries and all the bells of the city start to ring. Then you would go out to the streets, and there you would see people shooting at a stuffed figure of Judas Iscariot—you know about him, don't you?"

Nods and confused explanation. However, we finally settle the identity of Judas, and then proceed:

"And then away up among the high mountains, the Alps, where the little boys answer when the mothers call 'Wilhelm' or 'Franz,' and the girls when they call 'Martha' or 'Lisa,' on Easter morning a band of musicians, gayly dressed and decorated with ribbons and flowers, go around from door to door playing hymns on guitars and singing. The people in the houses all come out and join in the chorus. Now, this is all I know, dears, and now won't you all tell me how you keep Easter here?'

Much bashful head-shaking and resisting of entreaties.

"You won't tell me? Ah! that is mean after all I have told you. Listen a minute till I tell you why you should love Easter!"

Symptoms of restlessness showed that this beginning was unpleasantly associated with moral lectures. So I gave up the attempt and said to them a little poem which came into my head. I had learned it long ago:

Sweetly the birds are singing
  At Easter dawn,
Sweetly the bells are ringing
  On Easter morn,
And the words that they say
  On Easter day
Are—"Christ the Lord is risen!"
Birds! forget not your singing
  At Easter dawn;
Bells! be ye ever ringing
  On Easter morn.
In the spring of the year,
  When Easter is here,
Sing—"Christ the Lord is risen."
Easter buds were growing
  Ages ago;
Easter lilies were blowing
  By the water's flow;
All nature was glad,
  Not a creature was sad,
For Christ the Lord was risen.

Then we mingled cookie-crumbs, kisses, hugs and promises to come again soon, and I stand on the door-step and watch the little flock away. Golden curls and brown locks and fat little eyes go trotting down the street. And I turn with a sigh back to the sanctum and work. I sit wearily down to the desk and take up a pencil. Then a thought of the past bright hour comes, and, lo! the "Easter" article is written.

Madge Robertson

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Miss Marjorie Campbell.

The pretty picture which adorns this page of this issue is very like the charming original—the young mistress of Government House, Toronto. Toronto society has been singularly fortunate in having, as its official head, one whose graces of mind and person are such as to win for her at once, esteem and admiration. Miss Campbell has had many arduous social duties to perform, many trying positions to fill, much public scrutiny to bear and through all has won golden opinions from everyone. She has borne herself with much rare dignity and sweetness, showed unfailing tact and kindliness. That her charm of manner, her winning smile and more than pretty face should gain her popularity is not surprising. It is, however, still pleasanter to know her claims to consideration rest on a higher basis, that Miss Campbell has now many loyal and worthy friends because of her own loyalty, her own worthiness.

Miss Campbell was born in Kingston, Ontario, and lived there as a child. Her life has been very uneventful, and a daily routine of lessons with a governess was the most noticeable part of this period of her existence. A subsequent life at Ottawa threw her into the midst of Ottawa society with its alternating gayeties and quietness. From there, where everyone knows everyone else, where warm friendships can be fed by constant intercourse, it was a decided change to the rush and hurry of Toronto life. Hither, when Sir Alexander Campbell was appointed Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, came with him his young daughter, the subject of this sketch. And here until now she has lived in the semi-public, semi-private position of mistress of Government House. The serious illness of Sir Alexander has put an end, for this season, to its usual gayeties, and the Campbells have been able to do little or no entertaining. Everyone sympathizes with the trouble which has thus fallen upon Miss Campbell, and feels for her in the awful anxiety and nervous strain she has undergone.

With the spring, the term of the present Lieutenant Governor will be over, and much sorrow will be felt that the charming presence of Miss Marjorie as hostess will be missed from this centre of social life. Holmes' lines:—

"The very flowers that bend and meet
In sweetening others grow more sweet"

Can surely be said of her. She is fond of going out of meeting people, and then in her quiet hours, of reading.

"I do not see how people get along without reading" she says, and the writer does not see either. The portrait we give does injustice in one respect. The bright hair and pretty coloring can only be guessed at, but none who has seen Miss Campbell will forget either. It is to be hoped the Campbells will make their home in Toronto, and that Miss Campbell will be, as hitherto, part of social life in Toronto.

MADGE ROBERTSON.

Our English Letter.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

LONDON, April 6th, 1892.

Since I last wrote to you I seem to have been in a rush of engagements from morning to night, and as you are pleased to say you like to have a full account of all my doings, I suppose I cannot do better than commence my letter by telling you of some of the places I have visited. It is a generally accepted fact isn't it? that a wedding is one of the most interesting sights to all women; I do not quite agree with this, nevertheless I was much interested in a wedding at which I was present on February 29; by the way, what a strange day to choose for one's wedding day. The bride was Miss Villiers Palmer and the bridegroom, Mr. H. A. Wellesley grand-nephew of the great Duke of Wellington. The wedding was an exceptionally pretty one I thought, and I admired the bride's and bridesmaids' gowns greatly, the former was especially handsome, rich, white duchesse satin draped with rare old Brussels lace, the court train fell from the shoulders in a Watteau pleat and the boddice was slightly open at the neck with a high collar at the back. The bridesmaid's dresses were somewhat uncommon being of light grey crepon trimmed with yellow faille and grey chenille, the hats were to match, and the bouquets were lovely, of mimosa and tulips. I think yellow and grey form a charming combination of colour if both shades are judiciously chosen, which they are not sometimes, and then the effect is the reverse of pleasing. You will be surprised to hear that I have been to the pantomime at Drury Lane. As you know, I do not care for pantomimes, and certainly I was a long time making up my mind to go to this particular one; but everyone spoke of Humpty Dumpty as the greatest of Sir Augustus Harris's many successes, and I felt I really must be in the fashion and go to see it also. I must confess this "marvellous spectacle," as the papers call it, has not caused me to change my opinion of pantomimes in general. Humpty Dumpty is full of fun, beautiful scenery and dresses and artistic groupings, but there is decidedly too much of the music hall element to suit my fastidious taste. Some of the dances are really lovely, especially one by a number of girls clad in the softest, lightest, and palest of yellow silk draperies; I cannot pretend to admire the dancing of the leading lady however, it is better described as capering and kicking. There was a "Procession of the Nations" which was very fine, the costumes worn by the girls representing the different countries were extremely handsome. I was amused at the various degrees of enthusiasm with which the different nations were greeted by the occupants of the pit and gallery, next to England, Stars and Stripes came in for the largest amount of cheering, France was very popular, Germany was greeted with much hissing as well as cheering, opinions being obviously divided in this case, poor Russia received overwhelming hisses, groans and hootings. Sometime since I read a very interesting account of Sir Augustus Harris and this same pantomime in one of our monthly magazines and as you are not likely to see this article I will favour you with a few items contained therein which may be amusing. I was considerably astonished at the enormous cost of producing a pantomime. The dresses and scenery cost from £16,000 to £20,000 and a big procession means £5,000 more. The amount paid weekly in salaries amounts to a small fortune, a good principal boy getting from £60 to £100, dancers and clowns, £30 to £50; many other salaries vary from £45 to £10 a week each, while members of the ballet get £30; besides all these there are the carpenters, property-men, gas and electric light men, lime light men, dressers, paint room artist, orchestra, etc., to be paid. Just imagine it! The preparations for a pantomime at Drury's Lane extend over twelve months and everything is made on the spot, as soon as one pantomime is fairly started, the one for the next year is decided on and work begins. It must be a very busy scene in each of the different workrooms; there is the modelling or property room, where all the heads or masks are made, here over five hundred-weight of paper, three tons of clay, and over ten tons of plaster of Paris is used for a single pantomime. There are the dress-making departments where a hundred women are busy sewing, some of the brocades they use cost as much as fifteen guineas a yard, and there are the painting rooms where everything, paint-pots, brushes, canvasses, etc., are on an enormous scale. But enough about pantomimes. Last week I paid a visit to the Electric Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, and I have never seen the place look better, it seemed a perfect fairy land of light. I had not realized until I went there what a wonderful future there is in store for electricity; even now its uses are so many that one begins to wonder what will not be done by electricity in the years to come. What particularly took my fancy, was a most artistically arranged

Marjorie Campbell

dinner table, which I must describe to you. The centre was occupied by a diminutive lake with several fountains, the banks of this lake were formed of lovely natural flowers, moss and ferns; artfully interspersed among these were many tiny jets of electric light while on the lake itself were miniature water-lillies each with a star of light in the centre; as you may imagine the effect was very beautiful.

The time of spring exhibitions is now upon us and I have been to one or two private views, but I hope you do not expect me to describe any of the pictures, that would be quite impossible. Judging from my own experience I should say very few people, if any, ever do see the pictures at a private view; the principal, I was going to say sole object, seems to be then to see the people and talk to one's friend, certainly the occasion is a splendid one for noticing the latest fashions. In my next letter I will try to tell you something about the pictures when I have really seen them, especially those at the Dudley gallery and Royal Institute. Now that I have given you some account of how I have been amusing myself lately, I expect you will like to have some more general news. Well! to begin with Royalty. The Queen is to start for Hyeres on the 19th; her departure has been somewhat delayed owing to the rather sudden death of her son-in-law the Grand Duke of Hesse. The Duke had always been a great favorite with all the members of the Royal family, but especially with the Queen who was deeply attached to him, and who grieves greatly at his death. Apropos of the Queen's visit to Hyeres, I wonder if you know the amount and the variety of the luggage which accompanies or rather precedes her Majesty. A certain number of horses and carriages and her Majesty's garden chair with the favorite donkey which draws it, have already been sent from Windsor, as well as nearly all the furniture for her own bedroom and several articles for her private sitting room, a large case of photos, two boxes of books, plate, glass, china, and an immense parcel of stationery. It is arranged for a messenger to leave London every evening for Hyeres while the Queen is there, conveying the Cabinet boxes, despatches, and her Majesty's private correspondence. A messenger will arrive in London from Hyeres every morning except Sunday, so by these arrangements there will be no delay in the transaction of public business. I hear the Empress Eugenie is likely to pay the Queen a visit while in France. Is it not strange? the firm friendship between these two royal ladies? I should imagine in their younger days there could not have been found two beings with more widely different characters, it is surely sorrow which has drawn them so much together of recent years. I believe the Empress was much attached to the late Duke of Clarence and he was to have benefited under her will. I must tell you that "The Gordon Boys' Home" and "The Home for Crippled Boys" have each received £500 up to the end of February as the proceeds of the sale of Canon Flemming's sermon, of which I spoke in a former letter. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family are now at Mentone and are enjoying lovely, balmy spring weather. I know you agree with me in disliking excessive mourning, so you will be glad to hear that the Princess of Wales has set the fashion of wearing comparatively little crape. I noticed the young princesses had no crape on their dresses or jackets, merely a little in their hats.

The Duchess of Edinburgh has never been a favorite of mine she is so far less affable than our own princesses, that she has never been very popular; lately there has been a good deal of comment on her almost constant absence from Devenport where the Duke has the naval command. The real reason for this seems to be that the official residence of the Duke is not at all adapted to the requirements of royalty. Why, there is not even a drive up to the door, or a courtyard, and her Royal Highness is obliged to step from the door into the carriage when she goes out driving, while on the pavement which she has to cross is invariably collected a small and vulgar crowd.

There are some charming, original sketches in the Paris "Figaro" of last week about some of the sovereigns of Europe. The King and Queen of Greece are described as a most united pair, they have seven children, the youngest only three years of age, they have been married 25 years and according to the article "their love is as firm and true as in the first days of their honeymoon." The Queen of Portugal is amusingly described as most domesticated and as being looked down upon by most of the nobility because she makes her own hats and bonnets and looks after her children as any middle class mother might do. In my letter I must tell you something about the King and Queen of Italy, I hear they are likely to be the guests of the Queen at Osborne towards the end of the season, so I suppose there will be "grand doings" in their honor. Probably you will like to hear something more about the Duke of Hesse, but I will also reserve that topic for my next.

The "Great Pearl Case" as it is called over here is ended at last, and poor, miserable Mrs Osborne is sentenced to nine months' imprisonment with such hard labor as her condition will allow, of course the fame, or rather the shame of the case has reached your side of the world, so I need not tell you much about it. Poor, miserable woman! of course no one can help blaming her and probably her punishment is no worse than the crime deserves, nevertheless our blame must turn to pity when we consider what her mental sufferings must have been and will be, if she lives through the next few months which seems to me very doubtful. It is reported that she is now in the prison infirmary and suffering from epileptic hysteria. I cannot help thinking that Mrs. Osborne was captured under false pretences. She offered to return to England on the understanding that she was to be tried for a certain offence. When, however, this hunted woman was kidnapped, in a manner as contemptible as it was dishonorable, the government caused her to be arraigned on another charge—that of perjury. One cannot take up a paper without reading eulogies on Captain Osborne's behaviour to his unhappy wife; whenever I read any of these I cannot help feeling that it does not speak well for English manhood to insinuate that his conduct is exceptional in any way. Alas! we live in days of slack marriage ties and want of chivalry, or Captain Osborne's conduct would not be spoken of as "heroism."

What do you think of this cool piece of impudence? The advertisement appeared in the *Evening News* of March 2nd. "Gentleman (young) wishes for an immediate marriage; lady must have means and be willing to help advertiser out of financial difficulties. Fullest particulars to X etc. etc." I have no doubt the advertiser is not singular in his requirements, but even *young* gentleman are not often so outspoken. I wonder how many answers he received, don't you? Have you heard of the wonderful green carnations, which have been the rage in Paris for some time! I call it a monstrosity, certainly more curious than pretty. It is a bright arsenic green, at least the petals are, the calyx, buds and leaves being their natural color. I must tell you how the recipe for making white flowers green was discovered. It was quite by accident. A young artificial flower-maker in Paris, received a bundle of carnations, as a present, while she was at work, and in order to keep them fresh she placed them in a glass of water, which she was using in her business and which was highly colored with some green pigment. The next day she found all the white flowers transformed to a bright arsenic green, which forthwith became the the new floral novelty. Talking of Paris reminds me to mention there seems to be quite a reign of Terror in the gay capital at the present time. There have been several very serious dynamite explosions, reminding one of the work of the Fenians in London some years ago; they are supposed to be the work of the Paris Anarchists, who have a never ending supply of grievances, which they mean to ventilate on the "First of May" next. By-the-way, did I ever tell you of my delightful trip to Paris six months ago? if not I must tell you of some of my "impressions" in a future letter, for I think this one has reached its usual limits now, so good-bye.

ANNIE VAUGHAN.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Welcome Spring.

In autumn winds the leaves were shivered
From the care of their treely mother
And left to die unnot'ced and withered,
Each side by side his brother.

Then the earth in a spotless livery clad,
For many a weary day;
But now the waters rushing mad,
Were then the roof for fishes. Aye
And even a lifeless lad.

The snow sinks through the earth in shame,
And fields and meadows turn to green;
Nothing in nature to take the blame,
But mortals, where corruption's seen.

Welcome spring with all thy flowers,
And little songsters' melodies gay;
For hours in thy sunny bowers
I would linger through the day.

E. D.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

It Is Very Obvious.

A TALE OF WOE.

SHORT time ago, a leading monthly published an interesting account of a surgical operation performed by a New York surgeon. It was a case of apparent Idiocy, and the surgeon gave it as his opinion that the condition of the child was induced by an unusual contraction of the absence of mental power. He announced further that an opening could be safely be made in the head, and a piece of the skull removed, which would give the brain room to develop. Further he proceeded to make good his words, with the happiest results.

I read this article carefully, thoughtfully. Was that what had been the matter? Like a flash of light I saw it all.

The criminal neglect of my parents, had deprived this world of another Michael Angelo, and me of the fame and renown that was my birthright. Early in life I resolved on my career. I should be the Canadian Artist. Within me I felt the stirrings of Genius; my ideals full of poetic imagery, marvels of coloring, and withal true to nature, should line the Academy walls. No need then of brass bands to draw a crowd to an exhibition of the Art Society. Eminent R. A's need no longer withdraw themselves in sorrow, from this association, finding it impossible for them to remain to admire. My pictures would be there. Prophetically I saw the admiring crowds, heard their lavish enconiums, saw myself erected to a pinnacle of fame.

After mastering a few preliminaries which I considered all that could be necessary in a case like mine, I began my career. Someway the cow under the trees in the field didn't look just right; the more I worked at her, the worse she got.

So I left her and proceeded to my next subject, "a scene in Muskoka." It was pretty good; but I have seen dozens on the Academy walls quite as good and some rather better. About this time a dim suspicion that something was wrong (artistically), began to dawn upon me. The pinnacle of fame seemed dimmer. The lavish enconiums fainter. The admiring crowds preceeded by the R. A's were vanishing slowly but alas! surely.

However I should make one more attempt, and this I resolved might be my last. If I failed nevermore should I wield the brush.

With alternating hope and fear I began my "Canyon of the Fraser River." I had always wanted to own a picture of a Canyon of the Fraser River. That night, I went out and bought a ten cent chromo. My career was at an end.

My hopes blighted, and all from the fatal negligence of my poor parents. Why was not an incision made in my cranium and something removed to make room for the growth of the section of skull which is necessary for the successful production of a—Canyon? I could have spared several charateristics. My most partial friends say, there are a few points in my development I could have done without, but alas when too late we see our mistakes!

There is young Jones too. Jones is a member of the Young Liberal Club. Did Jones join that August assembly that he might the better acquaint himself with the principles of free trade? Not at all. Indeed Jones had intended joining the Young Men's Liberal Conservative Association, his leaning being in that direction, but was restrained by the remarks of a low beast named Smith, who said.

"Oh yes Jones, we have a lot of dandies up there, and just need you to finish us up." This made Jones mad, he proceeded to join the Young Liberals.

And why?

Because Jones knew he was an orater. Night after night Jones lay awake framing, "Thoughts that breathed, and words that (would) burn" hurled fierce denunciations at his opponents, overwhelmed them with withering sarcasm, anon, charmed them into unwilling admiration of his silvery tongued eloquence. He heard himself talked of in the streets, as that smart young fellow Jones, read flattering notices of his last speech in The Ladies' Pictorial; saw himself invited to address public meetings with Mr. Laurier, and Sir Richard; even hoped for a chance of displaying his ability in the Legislative Halls of his country.

It was after, a night when the brilliancy of his thoughts surprised Jones himself that he made his maiden speech at the Young Liberals. He began, "Mr. President and gentlemen," then he stopped. Blank silence. Where had it all gone? The graceful exordium, the powerful arguments, the blighting sarcasm the eloquent peroration, where were they? Not vanished, but land locked, shoved out of sight behind some unimportant section of his cranium. Probably self esteem and filial reverence, perfectly useless bumps for which Jones never had any use after that night.

It is probable that Jones' unhappy parents never knew the gravity of their neglect. Jones' mother used to delight Jones, and sometimes their friends by stories of the preternatual cleverness of Jones as a child. So blinded were they by their too partial pride in him that they never observed any deficiency. Jones mother's sister remembers distinctly that she always thought he was a little wanting. It had been brought to her notice by comparing him with her own Johnnie who was the same age. The Jones family didn't see it then.

Now Johnnie is an alderman.

I could mention countless similar instances, but if the misfortunes of Jones and myself serve to draw the notice of parents to the necessity of carefully examining their childrens cranimu's in early youth, while their future could still be made or marred, Jones and I will not have lived in vain.

Beata.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

How to Carry a Red Nose Gracefully.

There is no use arguing about it, friends, Romans and countrymen, we cannot go about the streets and "grin like a dog," when our noses are a study in that charming variety of shade known as tomato red. Try as we may—and our endeavors are sometimes pitiful to behold—we cannot appear totally unconscious of the fact. This, I affirm, is far beyond mortal's control. There is a tangible something pervading the whole appearance that betrays the owner's knowledge of the fact. Whether it is the hu gry, gaunt, despairing look that the blooming nasal appendage unfailingly brings with it, or whether it is the "I-am-not-so-sure-of-myself-as-I-was," air, has not yet been decided in my mind. But one does not always meet this type. There are people who assume a falsely hilarious demeanor and walk along with an air that seems to betoken a supreme contempt for anything of such small portent as a glowing nose. Oh! the mockery of it! You divine their innermost sentiments on the subject with unerring accuracy even though so heroically suppressed. Do not look cheerful. It only excites people's sympathy for you. Endeavor to look unconcerned and walk with a quiet, unassuming step. A greater mistake was never made than to hurry along with a buoyant spring and the suspicion of a happy smile on your lips. It only convinces people that you are unutterably miserable and that you would flee up the back streets and to the uttermost parts of the earth were it in your power. Avoid looking in the shop windows. What you may see there might drive you to desperation. Above all, do not carry your head too high, for this is an exploded idea. Carry it artistically, on no account presenting your profile for any one's inspection, unless driven to it. Put on an air of self-respect (which needless to say, you are far from feeling) but do not look pleased with yourself. The resigned air one often sees people wear is very painful. Therefore, be resigned, but hide it and hope for better things when the mild spring breezes visit us once more.

On issuing forth in the morning (or at any other time when the weather is anything but salubrious) the variety and depth of emotion that is experienced by the unhappy expectant wretch, the amount of superflous feeling wasted, would stock an infant's home for life-long establishment. Before leaving your room, you take a painfully searching glance at the mirror. "Not a particle of color there," you say to yourself proudly, and straighten your hat. As you open the hall door, a gentle though chill breeze salutes you. "Oh!" you say to yourself, with hope springing up in your despondent breast, "This is not extra cold, what a fine morning it is to be sure!" And you throw up your head with a superb gesture and almost float down the steps! You start off at a brisk pace, with a genuinely happy smirk adorning your face. After all, what is jollier than a long tramp in the morning? All at once you slacken speed. Such violent motion may—you anxiously look diagonally down at your nose, causing the small child on the sidewalk food for wonderment as to whether you are cross-eyed from birth or whether you are doing it for a lark. As yet the virgin whiteness of it is undisturbed. It remains perfectly quiet. Vesuvius has not commenced to emit that lurid glow as yet. At this point your spirits begin to rise steadily. After all you are not of the common clay. Hitherto some organic trouble has disturbed the course of your system, but that is all over now. You can take your place among those mortals who are numbered by the whiteness of their nasal appendages. You reach the corner of the block, with your opinion of yourself raised to an enormous standard. Here you meet an unlucky acquaintance, with a meekly dejected appearance and a furiously red, full-blown feature lighting up his face.

You give him a commiserating smile and pass on with a chuckle of unholy joy. "Poor thing!" you think "how dreadful it looks!" and again you flatter yourself that there is nothing to equal you walking on the face of the earth.

Here you reach a very exposed corner of the avenue, the wind comes sweeping round the corner with a sharpness hitherto unfelt and your opinion of the beauty of the morning goes down a peg. Can it be possible? Alas! it is! A faint but unmistakable red is tinging your highly respectable nostrils. You wildly persuade yourself that it is but a passing infliction and will wear off. You make for the sunny side of the street. It has no effect whatever. Ten minutes more pass. That pleasant nipping sensation sets in. You walk quickly, with your head still well up, but with a disillusioned feeling that intensifies and grows with the developments of Vesuvius. But you are bearing up bravely, still able to return the bows of your friends with some composure. You fancy you see gleeful expectancy in their eyes. As some of them of them are "there" already, you allow a little comfort to creep into your heart.

Five minutes pass, and all is lost. With that last little fiendish zephyr the last morsel of hope falls to the ground. With saddened mien and spiritless tramp you slink along, bearing the now-flaming proboscis before you, with a publicity and prominence that would put the wiles of many an advertising enterpriser to shame.

"Trix."

Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

The Resurrection.

I Cor. 15: 14-20.

On the evening of the crucifixion, a deputation of the chief priests and Pharisees waited upon the Roman governor, begging that the sepulchre might be made sure until third day, lest Christ's disciples should come by night and steal His body away, and then declare that He had risen again as He had before declared that He would do. Pilate said unto them, "Ye have a watch (a body of Roman soldiers stationed to guard the Temple) go your way; make it as sure as you can."

So they went their way, and made the sepulchre sure, as they flattered themselves, using the same ordinary precautions which were observed in the case of Daniel in the lion's den, sealing the stone which was at the mouth of the cave with their own official seal, so that any movement of the stone must break the wax, the impression stamped upon which, none but themselves could restore. "They sealed the stone, and set a watch," generally supposed to be about three-score men. Then they departed proudly confident that on the third day they would be able to drag forth His dead body from the tomb and expose it to all the world. This would have been an unanswerable refutation of all Jesus' claims, an argument as clear and convincing to the learned as to the unlearned, to the simple as to the wise, and which must have held up the claims of Christ to universal and never-ending contempt. All faith in Him must have been forever destroyed. He could not have been the Messiah, nor the Son of God.

"If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain; ye are yet in your sins."

How much depends therefore, upon this fundamental truth that Christ died and rose again from the dead.

Let us glance rapidly at some of the proofs.

It has been well said that no fact in history is more fully attested than the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ.

On any other supposition, the very establishment of Christianity in the world becomes utterly unaccountable.

That Jesus was really put to death as a common malefactor, the earliest and acutest enemies of Christianity never attempted to deny. This in itself would naturally be a most damaging and crushing blow to the new religion.

How then shall we account for the early triumph of Christianity, beginning from that very spot where he was notoriously executed, if He did not roll off that reproach by rising again from the grave?

Again, I would remind you that their main object in guarding the sepulchre so closely, was that they might be able at the end of three days, to drag forth and publicly exhibit the dead and decaying body of Jesus. But it was just here that their scheme most ignominiously broke down. Jesus burst from the tomb, and so they could not produce the body. That body, I say, was never produced, was never even pretended to be produced. And what is the irresistible conclusion? That Jesus died and rose again according to the Scripture.

And upon this foundation fact the Apostles are most clear and confident. On it they based their preaching of the Saviour. By it they were willing to stand or fall. And no wonder. The evidence was overpowering. Jesus manifested Himself to His disciples eight or ten times, and possibly much oftener. These witnesses saw Him, close at hand; talked with Him, by daylight and for long seasons together; held Him by the feet, and ate and drank with with Him after He rose from the dead. They were invited to touch and examine Him; and, in the case of doubting Thomas, one was asked to feel and search the nail-prints in the Saviour's hands and the spear wound in His side.

As for the strange story that the Roman soldiers were hired to tell that the disciples came by night and stole His body away, this carries its own confutation on its face.

How could they testify to what went on when they were asleep?

And, besides, the idea that some scores of soldiers, Roman veterans, renowned for discipline, who knew that to sleep at their posts was death, and who, in this particular case, had been charged to maintain unusual vigilance,—the idea, I say, that all the guards, officers and men, should in the light of a full paschal moon, fall into a deep sleep, at such a time, and in such numbers and all at once—is too incredible to need a serious refutation. Nor would this strange tale, even if believed, remove their difficulty; for how would they account for His coming to life again, and for His many reappearances upon the earth!

Additional force is given to the testimony borne to Christ's resurrrection, when we consider the characters of those early disciples who were the first to be convinced by the evidence.

Previous to the day of Pentecost, how dull and slow they seemed to be as to the spiritual nature of Christ's Kingdom. How they strove, up to the very eve of the crucifixion, as to who should be the greatest in the Messiah's earthly government and court. As soon as He was apprehended, they all forsook Him and fled. After His death, although He had raised others, and clearly predicted His own rising again, they seem to have given up all in despair. And even when told again and again of Christ's resurrection, they believed it not.

Sad though it is to see their slowness and unbelief, yet in reality, it adds much to the value of their testimony. Would such men, on any slight evidence be convinced of the resurrection of Christ? or be contented with a merely spiritual kingdom? Would they have still clung to Him after so dismal a failure as this would have been, had He not risen from the dead? Would they have suddenly turned round and sacrificed their comfort and their very lives for one who would have so wretchedly deceived them? As St. Paul most forcibly inquires, "What do we gain by asserting this if it is not true? If the dead rise not, why stand we in jeopardy every hour? Even to this present hour, we both hunger and thirst and are naked and buffeted, and have no certain dwelling place. Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat; we are made as the filth of the world, and are as the offscouring of all things unto this day." And this may be taken as a picture of the lives of all the apostles.

Well might St. Paul exclaim, "If in this life only, we have hope of Christ we are of all men most miserable. We know and believe that Christ is risen from the dead. If we did not believe it, what conceivable motive could we have for asserting it and laying down our lives for its confirmation? What advantageth it me if the dead rise not. For if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching a delusion, and so is your faith. Yea and we are found false witnesses of that God, whom we profess to serve, making Him out to have raised an impostor from the dead, whom He raised not up if so be that the dead rise not."

Who can doubt whether such witnesses are sincere? Who can believe that so many of them could have been so often, so grossly, and so unwillingly deceived?

Other proofs might be brought forward equally convincing though less discreet. Take, for example, the miraculous descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. This proof of the resurrection of Christ would have held good, even had He after His death, never been beheld by mortal eye; for you will remember that He had frequently promised this wonderful outpouring of the Spirit, as a consequence of His returning to Heaven. "If I depart, I will send Him unto you." "He, the Spirit of Truth, who cannot lie, shall testify of Me." "And now I have told you before it come to pass, that when it is come to pass, ye might believe." And no sooner had Jesus ascended into Heaven than the Holy Ghost, (as predicted by the ancient prophets) was poured forth. And how logically does that conclusion hold which is drawn by St. Peter in his memorable sermon on the day when the Holy Ghost was given. 'This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses. And that He is risen and alive and actively working, you have a proof before you at this moment. "Therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear."

Would such results, beyond all human control foretold not only by Christ Himself, but also by the Holy Ghost some hundreds of years before; would such evident marks of the hand and favor of God follow punctually upon the death of an impostor? Would such miraculous gifts be showered down upon men who were striving to set the seal of God to an untruth? The conclusion was irresistible.

And let me add that there is scarcely any form of historical evidence by which it is possible to prove the reality of any event long past, which is not furnished concerning the resurrection of Christ. To refuse to believe it, therefore, is to destroy the foundations upon which rests the credit of all history, and to declare it impossible to prove any event which it records. Moreover not to believe in the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ, compels us to face insurmountable difficulties and contradictions.

We must hold that the apostles were the weakest of men, having the right use neither of their senses nor their intellects, while yet, strange to say, they proved more than a match for the united opposition of both the Jewish and the Gentile world. We must regard them as the most crazy of enthusiasts, and yet the calmest, the most reasonable and most consistent of men. We are required to believe that they were the foulest of impostors, systematic liars and perjurers, and yet we must also admit that they did all this without the least imaginable motive or hope of reward; and further, that they taught and practiced the sublimest lessons of virtue and sealed their sincerity by voluntarily enduring poverty, suffering shame and death. And the enemies of Jesus while they thus brand him as guilty of the most stupendous fraud, yet find no fault in Him, and have to admit that He is the only instance of an absolutely perfect man which the world has been able to produce.

And, finally, the God of Truth Himself is thus declared to have set His seal to a lie; and all the religious experiences of millions of Christians who have lived and died for nineteen centuries in the faith of Christ, are pronounced a delusion and an empty dream. "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain; and ye are yet in your sins."

Can you believe all this unbelief? I, for one, cannot.

Rather, when we review the outward or historical evidence, and more especially the inward and spiritual proofs of this fundamental and glorious verity, we joyfully greet one another with the primitive Easter salutation; "The Lord is risen indeed!"

And if Christ be risen, then, with the Roman centurion who presided at his execution, we must glorify God and say? "Certainly this was a righteous man"—and if so, then we must go further and say from the bottom of our hearts, "Truly this was, as he declared Himself to be, the Son of God."

But before I close, let me draw your attention once more to the seventeenth verse of this chapter where St. Paul so justly remarks. "If Christ be not risen, then is your faith vain, ye are yet in your sins." This clearly implies, what is elsewhere expressly stated, that if he did rise, then the sins of all who truly believe in Him are certainly forgiven.

If he rose from the dead, then must He have been true; and the prophecies which went before and were fulfilled in Him—His mighty works wrought in His own name—His wondrous words—His perfectly holy, spotless life—His death and resurrection and ascension and the subsequent outpouring of the Holy Ghost, prove Him to have been what He declared Himself to be—none other than the promised Messiah, the Son or God, the Saviour of the world. Now that He is risen in triumph from the tomb, we have the glorious proof that His sacrifice for our sins was accepted of heaven. There is now, therefore, no longer any room for doubt that Jesus has power to forgive sins, nor that those who humbly and trustfully come to Him, He will in no wise cast out.

All ye who are pricked to the heart with a conviction of your own ingratitude and disobedience toward God, and who fear to draw near Him or to lift up your face unto heaven, look on Jesus, the blessed, lowly, gentle and forgiving Christ—your loving brother, and remember that it is with Him as as your divine Mediator that you have to do—your brother man and yet your God; for as He is such is God. "He is the image of the invisible God the express image of His person."

faithfully yours
Septimus Jones.

If you are truly sorry for your sin and steadfastly purpose to lead a new life, putting all your trust in the sacrifice and grace of Christ, then see upon that communion table the tokens and the emblems of His redeeming love, intended to reassure your trembling hearts. So surely as with penitence and faith you eat that bread and drink that cup, so surely will you receive the kiss of pardoning love, the pledge and the foretaste of the resurrection to eternal life.

As I looked through my window this morning and saw the sun rising in the sky and pouring his flood of cheerful light upon the earth, I could not but think of that Sun of Righteousness Who did as on this day, arise with healing in His wings and shed pardon and peace and bright hopes of immortality upon a dark, sinful, sorrowful and dying world. And, as my mind ran back to the memories of children and parents, relatives and friends, sleeping peacefully in the grave, I realized more, I think, than I ever did before, why this has been held to be the brightest of days, the Queen of Christian festivals.

With other days, especially with Christmas, there mingles a tinge of sadness, ever deepening as year after year removes some loved one beyond this earthly scene; and the place left vacant on earth marks a void also in the heart; but on Easter Day the thoughts are carried away on the wings of hope to the future restoration and the better land.

Resting sweetly on the great doctrine of the resurrection of Him Who died for our sins, according to the Scripture, and rose again as upon this day for our justification, we realize that a few more years will bear us on to them and restore us to one another; when all those mysteries which now perplex our faith will be unveiled, all misunderstandings will be removed, all imperfections be cleared away, all sorrows healed.

We dwell with grateful hearts upon those divine words of St. Paul, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others who have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him."

Friend after friend departs
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

A world there is above,
Where parting is unknown,
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A.

Rural Dean of York, Rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto, Ont., was born June 4, 1830, at Portsmouth, county Hants, England. Rev. Mr. Jones received his preparatory education at the city of London school, England, and in 1848, the family having removed to Canada, he matriculated at the University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, in the province of Quebec. Having graduated in arts, and finished the theological course in 1853, he filled for a year, the position of classical master in the St. John's High school, P.Q. In 1854 he was ordained deacon by Bishop Fulford, of Montreal, and preached the following Sunday in the Cathedral, and in St. Georges church, of which Bishop Bond, of Montreal, was the assistant minister, under Venerable Archdeacon Leach. His first charge was the mission of Cape Cove and Perce, in the district of Gaspe, P.Q. In 1854 the only mode of reaching that remote region, some 500 miles below Quebec, was by means of small schooners, in the fish carrying trade, the passage occupying from three days to three weeks, and the fare, meals included was $5.00, and dear even at that price. The field was unpromising. The people of the coast were given over to drunkeness, and a very low tone of morality prevailed. Education, too, was at a low ebb, and the people were split up into factions. His nearest clerical neighbor was forty miles distant on the one side, and sixty on the other. In 1855 Mr. Jones was admitted to the order of Presbyter by Bishop Mountain, of Quebec. In the following year, his health having suffered from overwork and the rigor of the climate (the snow lying from November to the middle of May), he was removed to Quebec, and appointed incumbent of St. Peter's church of that city. In 1859, he went to Philadelphia, Penn., where he was appointed rector of the Church of the Redeemer; but in 1861, there being at that time inminent danger of war between Great Britian and the United States, he returned to Canada. After filling, as a temporary appointment, the position of assistant minister of St. Thomas Church, Belleville, Ont., he was appointed the first rector of Christ Church in that city. In 1870 he was chosen as the first rector of the Church of the Redeemer, Toronto.

He acted for some years as inspecter of schools in Belleville, and subsequently as one of the Board of Intermediate Examiners in Ontario. He has also been connected with Wycliffe College since its inception, as one of the Council, and as a teacher, chiefly of the subject of apologetics.

He has taken and still takes an active part in the work of the Anglican Synod, and, owing to his administrative ability, he is always a memper of its principal standing and special committees; and he took the chief part in the preparation of that most useful handbook, "The Churchwarden's Manual," and was the author of the superannuation fund passed at 1887 session of the Diocesan Synod. In the Ministerial association of Toronto he is greatly interested.

In 1891 he was unanimously elected Rural Dean of York, including the City of Toronto and the surrounding township.

On the 28th of April, 1862, Mr. Jones married Catherine Eliza Bruce, daughter of the late Wm. Hutton, secretary to the Bureau of Agriculture, —a wise choice, as has been manifested in the loving esteem in which she has been held by the people amongst whom and for whom she has spent her life

In this series have already appeared:

Dec. 26th, 1891: Rev. Benjamin Thomas, D.D., Toronto
Jan. 2nd, 1892: Rev. Chas. Mockridge, D.D., Toronto.
" 9th, " : Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Toronto.
" 16th, " : Rev. W. S. Ramsford, D.D., New York.
" 23rd, " : Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., Toronto.
" 30th, " : Rev. S. M. Milligan, B.A., Toronto.
Feb. 6th, " : Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Toronto.
" 13th, " : Rev. Prof. Clarke, F.R.S.C., Toronto.
" 20th, " : Rev. S P. Rose, Montreal.
" 27th, " : Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Toronto.
March 5th, " : Rev. Wm. Cochran, D.D., Brantford, Ont.
" 12th, " : Rev. H. F. Bland, Quebec.
" 19th, " : Rev. James Watson, Huntington.
" 26th, " : Rev. Manly Benson, Toronto.
April 2nd, " : Rev. John Burton, M.A., B.D., Toronto.
" 9th, " : Rev. W. T. McMullen, D.D.

Literature.

"The world of books is still the world I write."—MRS. BROWNING.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

A New Book.

"My Lady's Dressing-Room, published by Cassell & Co., New York; Williamson, Toronto."

Here is one of the prettiest little books in the world. There is no excuse for any maid or matron being anything but dainty, sweet, graceful, loveable—if not actually pretty if she has this volume in her dressing-room. Here are valuable and tried receipes for every thing which mars the fair skin in any way. Here is wholesome advice as to the care of this body, the best preservation not only of health and strength, but of beauty and symmetry. The chapters on the face, the hair, the head, the foot are particularly useful and carefully prepared. The book is adapted from the French of Baronne Staffe by Harriet Ayer Hubbard, whose charming portrait adorns the front page. No woman can afford to be without this excellent work, nor will anyone who has it in her possession willingly let it out of her hands for even a short time. It should be handy continually for reference.

A WRITER SAYS:—"As one always has preconceived ideas of an author whose work has impressed him, I must confess to something of a shock when I opened the February number of *The Writer* and found myself confronted with a portrait of Miss Mary E. Hawker ('Lanoe Falconer'), the author of that short but powerful novelette 'Mlle. Ixe.' I had pictured to myself a middle-aged solid-looking woman-of-the-world—a sort of Mlle. Ixe herself; instead of which I saw a most fragile-looking young person with a quantity of crimped hair and eye-glasses. The crimps and the eye-glasses were all right; but the fragility of the young woman, together with a certain tremulousness about her autograph signiture indicated that her strength lay in her mind rather than her body. A biographical sketch furnished by T. G. L. Hawker speaks of the 'constant ill-health' of Miss Hawker, in spite of which she has devoted her life to writing and study. Until the publication of 'Mlle. Ixe,' she was almost unknown. Up to that time, with the exception of an occasional magazine article, she could get none of her manuscripts accepted. Her last story, 'Cecilia de Noel,' is much more the sort of thing one would expect from the fragile creature with whom her biographer and photographer have made us acquainted."

Handiwork.

"The lily may grow, but man must fret and toil and spin."—DRUMMOND.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

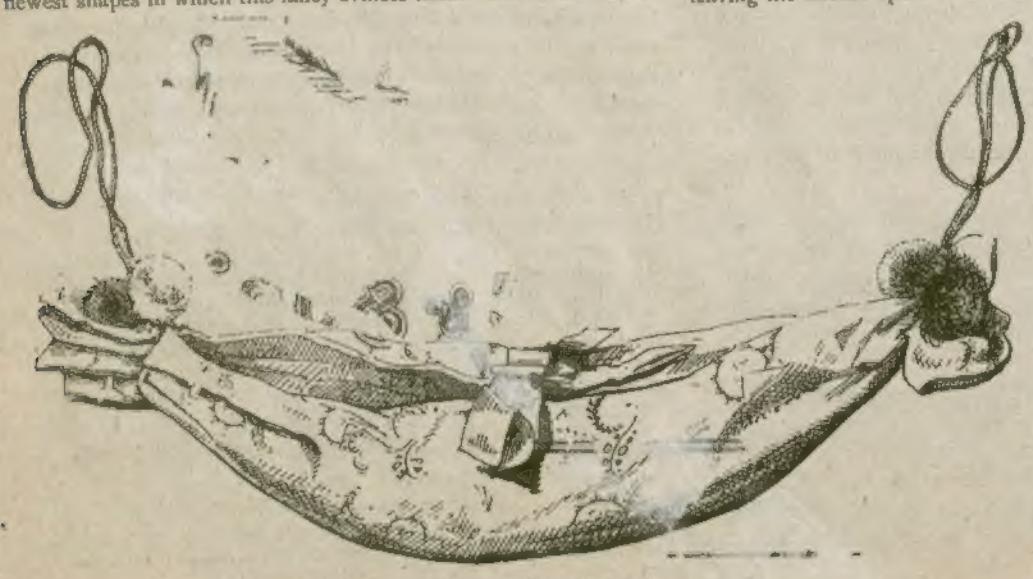
Photograph Frame.

Fan-shaped stand, ornamented with plain plush and broche silk panels, crossed with rays of gold galon, in which to slip the photographs. Mixed cordeliere round the border, forming a knot of small loops at the peak, and a long one at the top to suspend it to the wall.

Occasional Table.

This pretty fleur-de-lys shape is to be obtained from Ville-en-Bois, 5 Rue de Rome, Paris. The two fleur-de-lys shelves are covered in antique brocade, with a cream-colored ground, striped in pale green, and powdered with trails of flowers. Multicolour fringe encircles the top, with cordeliere and tassels drooping at the sides. Legs and square in ruby plush, enhanced with gold galon.

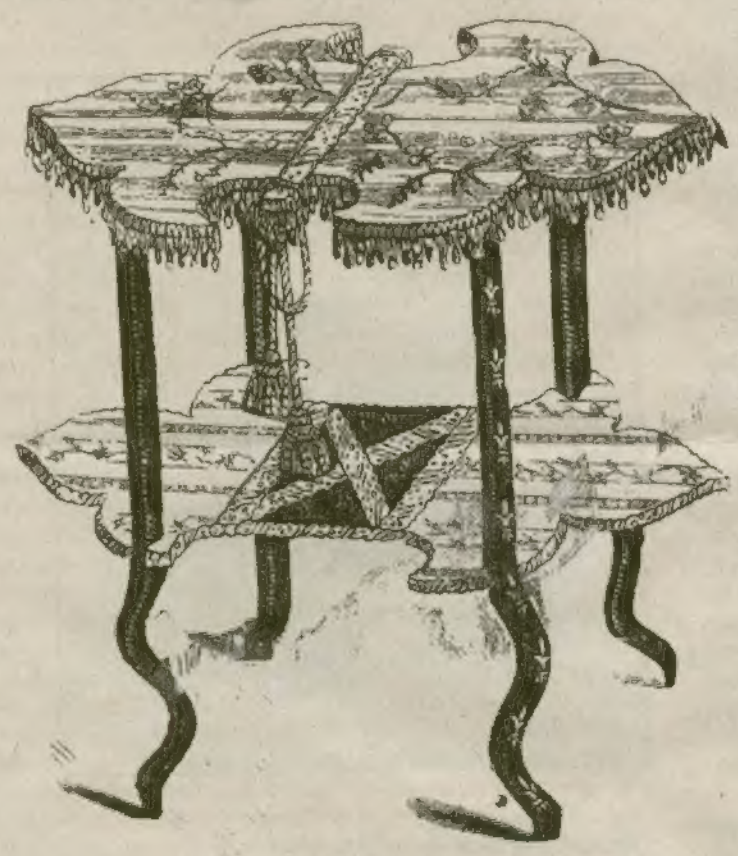
AS MANY persons are in the habit of taking bonbons to the theatre or opera, and as it is a "fad" just now to carry them in the quaintest little bags and boxes, which, unless of gold or silver, are usually made at home, we will give a few descriptions of the newest shapes in which this fancy evinces itself. One of the oddest is a jockey cap, which is easily made by cutting out four sections of silk and plush. Let two be bright red and two be pale blue. You may use satin for these last, if you prefer it to silk, or you may make all four from remnants of brocaded silk. Line with thin silk, after shaping the cap in cardboard, and covering it with the above materials. Make your visor of kid, and sew it to the front edge. You then form a bag-shape of thin silk, and sew it to the edge on the inside. To this you make a hem, and run in a silk cord. This bag holds the bonbons, and can be suspended from the wrist or finger. Another odd shape is that of a drum, and for this you require an external decoration of gold cord, after making the round shape in the same way as that of the jockey cap. Your bag is in the upper part, and on the outside two little drumsticks of gold wire add to the quaintness of this novel affair.



HAMMOCK NIGHTDRESS BAG.

FOR the "twin" wall-pockets, as these are called when there are two of them made use of for the purpose of suspending them, to receive newspapers, or to be used as pocket-emptiers, you tie the edges together with ribbons, or attach them still more closely, first removing the decoration of the edge from such as are already trimmed, and sewing them together. Contrasting colors look well used in this way. A novel style shows a tragic mask on the outside of one, and a Greek temple on the other, both decorations being sewed on, the first being a painted silk mask, of small size, and the other a fine chromo.

FOR a double tray of plush and gold lace to hold bracelets and rings, and which constitutes a handsome ornament for the toilet table, you require a double-triangular shape in cardboard, which



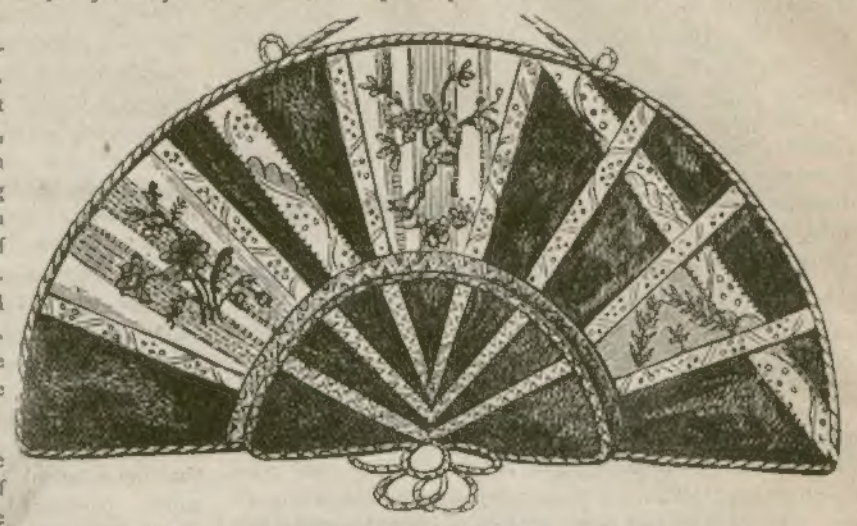
OCCASIONAL TABLE.

you cover with the plush, and border with the lace, setting it upright, so as to form a stiff edge, which will prevent the jewels placed within from slipping out. Although so simple, this little tray is a very satisfactory article to make, and in a double heart-shape is singularly pretty.

FOR a table basket, such as is now used to contain letters or photographs, you require several rows of plaited straw in the greens and reds seen in the Swiss handkerchiefs now imported. Then, in addition, you must have some wide ribbon of similar tints. This you run in between the rows of straw, after setting them securely in the perforated cardboard forming the base of the little basket. You need not line it, but you must decorate it with a few bows and drooping loops of the ribbon. If skillful at shaping, you can make your basket into a very good boat-shape by cutting the cardboard into that form, and drawing the ribbon closely at the two ends, leaving the middle open. You cut your straw into the right shape ferat you have secured their lower part in the perforations, and either attached them with gum or sewed them fast.

A PRETTY table-screen is made by shaping the back and front so that the top forms an oval, and decorating them with hand-work in a Roman design, or with the Egyptian figures which are seen on frescos, and which can be procured at any print shop. You must outline the edges with gold cord, and place rosettes of ribbon on the corners, and where the screen folds.

MANY of the new work-baskets show the oddest shapes imaginable, as, for example, a washtub, a milk-pail, and a chicken-coop. The washtub shape is cut out in cardboard and covered with plush and bound with metal cord. The milk-pail is prettiest when covered with brocaded silk



PHOTOGRAPH FRAME.

with a flower pattern, and bordered with white cotton lace. A bunch of artificial clover is tied to the highest part of the top, and suggests the favorite food of that indispensible domestic animal for whom the pail is so often in requisition. The chicken-coop basket is more complicated, and requires slender bits of split bamboo. These are arranged so that the lid of the basket is similar to the top of the coop. On the outside you place a chromo representing a hen and her chickens; and this you may lay on the lid, or on the front of the basket, pasting it down. A very novel basket of this kind had a large toy hen, with natural feathers attached to the composition in which the fowl was shaped, and this was placed on the lid, making a pretty basket, although the idea of a hen being large enough to cover the entire top of her coop is scarcely consistent.

THE darning bag of a family is one of the domestic institutions, and the style so popular for some years past at church sales is not the most desirable, with its single receptacle for all yarns and mends; she must have a variety of worsted yarns, which practicable to be kept in one compartment more convenient is made with a circular bottom past inches in diameter, with a bag gathered within which are several partings for different grades of yarn. This bag is best made of gingham, or and three quarter breadths in width and about two feet deep, eight inches of which is turned up inside to form the bags, six or more in number. The two circles for the bottom are covered with the gingham, as for a flat pincushion, and the gathered edge of the bag is sewed to them. It is more convenient if drawn up with two strings. A needle book made of the same cloth, with flannel leaves for the darning needles, is a useful addition. With such a bag well supplied with needles and yarns, and by practising the above directions, the weekly mending may not be an arduous task.

PEN, INK AND PAPER.—I spent a month with Elmira last summer. Elmira is an excellent housekeeper; her bread is perfect, her linen is as white as snow, and she has a place for everything and everything in its place except pen and ink. A trifling exception, you may think, in an otherwise perfect *menage*, but it did not seem trifling to John one hot, sticky July day. John is Elmira's husband, and one of the most patient of men; but let the most patient man in existence leave his haying and come to the house with a neighbor to sign a paper, if pen and ink are missing the chances are that something will be said that would not look well in print. John came in with a neighbor who was to sign a receipt. He went to the sitting-room closet, where writing materials are found when an occasional letter is written (their's is not a literary household); he found a bottle of ink, mostly dried away, and a penholder but no pen. Elmira's hands were in the bread, but she ran in answer to John's call. After some searching in a jar of lamplighters a pen was found and fitted in a holder. The ink was improved by the addition of a few drops of water, and as no other paper was at hand a leaf was cut from one of the children's copybooks. John wrote the receipt, stopping once to remove a hair from his pen, and as he had no blotter he passed the damp paper to his neighbor, who wrote his name and blotted it with his square thumb, and then wiped the thumb on his hair. After John had made the remarks alluded to and vowed that if he lived through haying he'd have a place under lock and key where he could find writing materials without scouring the neighborhood for them, Elmira went on with her John returned to his hayfield, and I, who had always had writing materials at my elbow, made a mental memorandum of the incident for future use. Elmira's is not the only household where it is a work of time to "drum up" the necessary things to do a bit of writing, and oftentimes when these are found a table must be cleared to write on. If such a store of conveniences was at hand how many things that are neglected would be done at once. The acknowledgment for the little gift would not be delayed till you are almost ashamed to send it; the paper you marked to send to a friend would go at once if you could lay your hand on a stamped and glued wrapper; it would not be such a task to mail that photograph, or the little package, if that ever-handy desk stood in the room. Of course it will cost something to get a desk and stock it, but many of the things will last a long time, and it will pay in the saving of time and temper.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT
R. SCORE & SON'S

Fashions.

'It is not only what suits us, but to what we are suited.'—LE PHILOSOPHE SOUS LES TOITS.

Address letters relating to this department to Editor "Fashions" Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.

Puffed Sleeve.

Grey crepon cloth, caught up in bouillonnes, with bracelets and wristbands in pink velvet ribbon.

PUFFED SLEEVE.

Tartan Sleeve.

Scotch cheviot, enhanced with two gauntlet cuffs in dark plush and light-colored silk, edged with a double cording,

Cloth Sleeve.

Fancy vicuna cloth, close-fitting from elbow to wrist, and draped above. Tiny velvet buttoned tabs, and finishing bow in velvet on the outside seam.

Nun's Veiling Sleeve.

Nun's veiling, cashmere, or surah, arranged in rucks, and headed with a deep puffing. Flat folds round the wrists, and gofferings down the outside seam.

French Gown.

Fourreau skirt, with trained back in black veiling, edged with a band of moonlight beading in keeping with the byzantine belt and the two drooping sash ends. Shower of beaded fringe in front of the glove-fitting bodice, slightly pointed at the waist. Capote in cream veloutine, sprinkled with irridescent beads, black velvet string, and osprey.

Graduation and Confirmation Dresses.

No. 1.—Graduation dress: Skirt of silk, accordion plaited and finished at hem with three plaited flounces; overskirt of white mohair lined with silk and falling loose from plaiting; round bodice, slightly full, with satin ribbon banded from sides and fastened with pearl clasps; the bodice is cut in deep V-shape, under which a plaiting of silk crosses; mohair sleeves open on outer part of sleeve, and deep puffs of plaited silk, similar to skirt, are let in; the elbow sleeve has deep fall of lace to finish; bows of ribbon at shoulder and inside seam of sleeve at elbow.

No. 2.—Graduation dress: Satin petticoat mounted, with slight fullness at top; the lower edge has a narrow ruffle encircling; peasant bodice of satin and satin sleeves, over which a deep puff of chiffon is caught down with a band of satin ribbon; lace frill at hand with ribbon band; full chiffon underbodice, overlapping fronts, and bordered with a satin ribbon.

No. 3.—Confirmation dress of nun's veiling: Skirt falling easy from waist, and untrimmed; full front, puffed at neck and waist, and trimmed with gros grain ribbon; full sleeves, caught in upward point above elbow and at hand with gros grain ribbon: girdle with long loops and ends of gros grain ribbon. Veil of nun's veiling, folded and laid plain over head.

CLOTH SLEEVE.

The Hat and Bonnet.

The day there comes to a woman a realizing sense that a hat no longer is either becoming or dignified, the same day must be made the confession that youth has forsaken her. Some wise persons hold it that the advance of middle age is sharply heralded by a sudden appreciation of wrinkles or gray hair, or, worse still, the unwonted and almost bitter half-deference of the really young people; but the woman who is able to carry her wrinkles and fading tresses with a gallant air of sweet unconsciousness, who without a blush can refuse to accept the proferred horse-car seat of a young girl, and gayly assert herself as untouched by Time's cruel hand, must and will always succumb to the bonnet. At a certain point—far be it from us to set the age at which all womankind must turn the first sharp corner of life's divergent path and openly admit herself as growing into the second stage of maturity—there comes the swift conviction that the hat must be laid aside forever.

The awful shock arrives, perhaps, one morning when a new creation of silk, lace, velvet, fur, ribbons and flowers, all charmingly arranged, as is now the fashion, in one irresistable bouquet of color and symmetry for the head, comes home from the milliner's, with

FRENCH GOWN.

its bill, for madam's approval. With a little flutter of pleasant excitement the broad-brimmed, high-towering arrangement of headgear is donned. Set it a bit to this side, a bit to that, arrange and rearrange the hair ever so many times, denounce the milliner heartily, and weep a tear or two of disappointment, perhaps, but the hat cannot be coaxed to harmonize with the face beneath it.

In an instant the truth is revealed; she has simply grown too old for hats. With a quick pang she recognizes that the clear oval outline of her face, beneath a hat brim once so enchanting, is no longer defined; the sweet curves of her cheek and throat, a while ago so distinct, have somehow melted into each other; the muscles, once firm and young, are now yielding, and intricate pencilings are drawing the soft skin.

Merely for experiment she replaces the hat with a bonnet, draws about her chin and pins the velvet strings, and from this kindly framing that conceals Time's processes, the face looks out again, almost youthful, but with the shade of dignity which only the touch of bonnet-strings gives. Her critical eye now notices that from the bonnet there projects no brim to throw shadows on the face that can no longer stand an increase of shadowing; and, as she is sensible and discreet, she quietly lays the symbol of youth away forever, and makes a wise but silent confession of her years and dignity by the assumption of the gay, sad, or stately bonnet unvaryingly held in place by its strings.

HE—"I never saw clothing so cheap as it is now. Any man can dress like a gentleman."

SHE.—"Yes, indeed. So can the ladies."

Pride With a Slender Purse.

Is it commendable pride or unpardonable vanity that prevents an American woman from ever acknowledging with careless frankness that she is the financial inferior of her next door neighbor, or the rich friend with whom she goes a-shopping? This question is asked in the hope of gaining a possible solution of a little scene enacted at the glove counter of a great New York dry-goods shop not long ago.

The women rustled up to the department where gloves of every size, shape, and color are strewn on the counter. They were friends out shopping together, evidently, and one woman was dressed with an elegant simplicity that at once betokened very easy means.

NUN'S VEILING SLEEVE.

Her companion was not less neat and trim in attire, but her shopping-suit bore an unmistakable air of having been carefully brushed many times, and worn on countless occasions. Her sleek, prettily bonneted head was held erect with a proud carriage, and if her little silver purse was not too well filled, she showed no humble acknowledgment of the lack. When her friend had been served to several pairs of handsome and costly gloves, she asked the shop-girl to show her a certain make of glove that, in confidential aside, she remarked were her favorites.

When the open box of *gants de Suede* was laid before her, the civil woman behind the counter commented on their excellence, and also on the fact of their price being raised. Instantly the shopper's face fell; there was no denying the disappointment in her eyes, but bravely she rose to the occasion. When the gloves had been stretched over the back of her hand and measured by the fingers, she quite cooly remarked they were but very poor examples of the famous and favorite make, and not at all what she had hoped to secure.

"But, madam, I assure you these are the very best; we make a specialty of this particular kind," insisted the attendant.

"Really, you must permit me the liberty of my own opinion," retorted the purchaser, allowing anger to sour her ill-concealed chagrin. Several more boxes of the goods were tried, but nothing suited the sensitive taste of the purchaser; and after a bit of controversy with the shop-girl, she rose with sparkling eyes to join her friend, who stood an amused witness of the scene.

The gloves were too dear, so all the by-standers understood at once, and several smiled after the ruffled little lady turned away, full, no doubt, of the irritating consciousness of having told a fib that fooled no one. But the little skirmish and mortification over the gloves will be of no service as a lesson or a suggestion. She had far rather freckle her entire life's record with fibs than once admit she could not afford to pay the prices asked. The public may suspect that the little silver purse is not overflowing, but she had rather die than confess it; and whether this is the reserve of a pride to be honored, or a weakness to be deplored, we are yet in doubt.

TARTAN SLEEVE.

SKETCHES BY OUR ARTIST AT McKENDRY'S.
JEAN

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

"My wish . . . that womankind had but one rosy mouth, to kiss them all at once from north to south."

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

WHAT do you read, girls? Now, don't all say "THE LADIES' PICTORIAL." Of course, I know that—but when you have two or three hours of leisure, and can turn to the book shelves—what? One can tell pretty well what sort of a girl one is by the mental food one needs. Sometimes you see articles in the papers about what girls should read, and when the girls scan over these articles they lay them down and sigh or laugh, just according to the kind of girls they are. I have just been reading one such article, where the writer recommends the girls to read Sir John Tubbock's "Pleasures of Life"—and Darwin and Ruskin and Huxley and Emerson. Now, for the average girl, one might as well say read Greek—isn't that true? And most of my cousins are average girls—isn't that also true? But though you may not read Darwin and the rest, please be careful what you do read. A novel, once in a while, won't hurt you, any more than a nibble of candy, but too much candy is bad for the bodily digestion, and too many novels act just the same on the mental assimulator. In serious earnest, dear cousins, the first book I recommend to you is your Bible strong and sweet and nourishing, and, as we believe, specially good to grow on is the food you get from these chapters and verses. Don't read in a hurry, don't read carelessly, don't read ever without whispering a little prayer for the help you will need to get all the good out of your reading. The girl who reads her Bible rightly, daily stands as far above the girl who only reads the only intellectual lights enumerated above, as that girl stands above the young woman who devours weekly instalments of the "penny dreadfuls," where countesses and brigands and innocent maidens and villains are hotch-potched together in an insane muddle which never was and never could be possible. Some of the cousins might tell me their favorite books, and we could talk over their choice and see how they agree, eh?

MARIA, that dear French cousin down east, has sent me another letter, and what is better, another cousin. Certainly, Corinne, I am pleased to have you; what a funny little auntie you are, only fourteen, well be good to that dear niece of yours, she deserves it. I don't know what "sacrifices you have to make to become learned," my little cousin. I never used to see it that way, but then, I was always fond of study. I suppose you mean, though, that you have to be away from home. That is hard, but then holidays are so splendid. When I was only nine years old, I went away from home to a boarding school in New York. That was pretty far and hard for a small girl, wasn't it? Cheer up little maid, years will go by, and you will come home quite learned and grown up!

COUSIN Jean comes along with a word of admiration for Cousin Ruth because that person told the truth about those evenings, when she used to sit up late and keep her mother out of her beauty sleep. Well, dear Jean, it is just as true as can be, and Boaz laughed when I told him about Rhea's letter, and settled down to his reading again, while I wrote that confession to Rhea. Your description of the entertainment was extremely interesting. I am with you, in politics, my dear, what a stack of waiter girls you will have to entertain seven times six—forty-two. It will be a gay party. Are they going to wear their pretty caps and aprons. You don't tell when the birthday party is going to be. Seven little tables would be pretty—each with ribbons of a different color. The ribbons should run X shape from corner to corner, and end with a bow and streamers. If you are where you can get smilax, it would be pretty to make a large knot of the colored ribbon in the centre of each little table, and trail the green leaves out from it like spokes of a wheel. A very pretty little boquet could be at each place tied with ribbon of chosen color. If you can't get flowers and smilax, just set your table or tables as neatly as you can, and have lots of lights. For the evening entertainment you could have games, flips, proverbs, dumb crambo or something else amusing. If they sing, a good chorus ought to come from such a a number. I do hope the affair will go off excellently.

I AM afraid your answer will come too late my dear Dollie. I will try presently and get you the favour you ask. I shall be so glad to forward your letter to Lily Pearl. You can just put it into a plain envelope, with whatever postage stamps are required for Egypt, and enclose in a letter to me, and I will add Lily Pearl's address and send it on. It will be six weeks before you can get an answer, but I am quite sure you will like it, when it comes. I hope if that other worry doesn't come right, you will let me know. Two heads are better than one, and you may have a bit of my heart as well, dear.

JUST listen to Beth, girls! She says she would like some of the cousins (if they are gentlemen) to send her some cigar ribbons, to finish her ribbon table cover. Oh, Beth! don't you see the heading to this column, and don't you know, that I'd let a boy cousin n as quick as possible, and like to, but I know he would not be comfortable. However, if any of the boys read your little request I hope they will send along the cigar ribbons you ask for, and I'll forward them or as you say, they may address "Beth" Newton Centre Mass.—So much for the boys, but, girls, Beth has a proposal for you too. If anyone will send her some ribbons, she will show them how to make the table cover, which from her description seem to me very pretty indeed.

THANKS for your little hometalk, Maria, I seem first to see the little folks, and hear that cute George and I shall not forget Anita's birthday, though I doubt if I can attend her grand ball. When you told me about the small boy who would have finished his studies this year, I was reminded of another wee boy who says comical things in French. This boy "Teddie," has a great desire to be a policeman, because those gentry are the only being on earth he is afraid of. Give my love to Paul and George and Anita, and all the dear home circle.

JUST a little line for you, Edna Grund, who has nearly twenty years, golden-brown hair, deep-grey eyes, fair complexion and medium stature. Of course I like you the best of the sisters, snice you are the first to write, and I am sure you must be sweet and pretty aren't you now? Write me again from your Western home, dear, and bring the rest of them with you—I have a few more letters in the little gold hand, which I will answer next week. Goodbye all—your loving

COUSIN RUTH.

Practical Information for the Housewife

"Nothing lovelier can be found in woman than to study household good."—MILTON.

All questions regarding this department will be cheerfully answered in this column.—Ed.

Plants in Sleeping-Rooms.

Among the facts which elementary science teaching has now made widely known, is the following information in regard to carbonic acid:

From chemistry it is learned that this is a poisonous gas, produced by combustion in the air, and known to miners as "choke damp," from the suffocation it sometimes causes when allowed to accumulate. Physiology teaches that this irrespirable gas is being continually breathed out by all animals—a fact which is generally impressed upon the pupil's mind by a reference to the "Black Hole of Calcutta," where so many prisoners of war were crowded together that the air they were forced to breathe soon became fatally charged with the poison from their breath.

Finally, in the study of botany, this same gas appears as a food which plants absorb during the day, and as a waste product which at night they exhale the same as animals. Once in possession of these facts, and the question not unnaturally arises whether a number of plants in the sleeping-room may not contaminate the air with carbonic acid to a harmful extent.

Many persons have not hesitated to answer this question decidedly in the affirmative, purely as a theoretical conclusion based upon the facts we have just given, but a moment's consideration will show that unless we know the amount of carbonic acid which a given quantity of plants exhale in a given time, no satisfactory answer is possible.

With a view to settling just this point, the following experiment was conducted by competent investigators at the botanic garden of Harvard University.

A number of vigorous plants were crowded into a large glass case from which all air was excluded, except such as had first passed through a chemical which freed it from all traces of carbonic acid.

A constant stream of this purified air was made to flow among plants all night long, and pass out through another chemical which absorbed what carbonic acid the air had taken up on the way.

In the morning it was an easy matter to determine, by analysis of the second chemical, the exact amount of carbonic acid with which the plants had charged the air.

So little did this prove to be, that a simple calculation shows that the carbonic acid which could be exhaled by plants enough to fill a large room would be less than the amount produced by the flame of a candle burning for the same length of time.

So far as carbonic acid is concerned, we may therefore safely conclude that, despite the alarmists, there is not the least danger to be apprehended from this source. On the contrary, for the most persons to have the sleeping-room a window-garden of such house-plants as the fuchsia, oxalis, coleus, primrose, and ferns may be rather healthful than otherwise, from the moisture they add to the air, and their purifying effect during the day.

Nevertheless, there are certain plants, especially those with heavy-scented flowers, which may fill the air with harmful vapors—harmful not only to sufferers from hay-fever or rose-cold, but in a less degree to others.

The very fact of there being many persons who are affected disagreeably by the perfume of flowers indicates that the volatile oils to which the odors of flowers are due are by nature irritants of the breathing passages; and it follows from this that prolonged inhaling of air heavily charged with intense floral odors is not desirable for anyone.

Certain flowers, like the evening primrose, the night blooming cereus, and some kinds of honey-suckle, become decidedly stronger scented at night than during the day, and are in consequence especially to be avoided.

Persons who are perfectly healthy, and at the same time free from any special sensitiveness to these irritants, may not be perceptibly affected by staying in a perfume-laden atmosphere: but let the same person be sick, and allow the flowers which friends have sent in to remain by the bedside overnight, then it might well happen that sleeplessness, or a headache, or some other equally disagreeable result, would follow as a direct consequence.

In conclusion, therefore, we may lay it down as a safe rule that plants which are free from odor, especially foliage plants, are not only harmless in the living-room, but may be positively beneficial. Very fragrant or heavy-scented flowers, on the other hand, are more or less objectionable to have in one's room, especially at night, and with persons who are sick.

An Ideal Husband.

74 One who regards his wife with the highest admiration and esteem, yet loves her with so strong and true a love that he does not consider himself too "superior" to bear with and for her, if need be, much of the daily worries and trials, which fall to woman's lot, but which so lightened lose half their burden. A wise ruler in his own household, a king of home as his wife is queen, walking heavenwards' close, true companions and dearest friends. Courteous and thoughtful, remembering that as the weaker his wife *needs* his love and forbearance. He should be in short a christian and a gentleman.

75 Man is very human. This thought should be foremost lest our ideal be too exalted for practical life. I would say: Heartfelt pety, a oneness of aim in life-purpose, congeniality of thought, mental attainments sufficiently superior to retain and constantly inspire respect. A loving nature with power of showing his affection in the way most conducive to his wife's happiness. A kindness not to see little faults, rather hide them. A disposition to give and invite perfect confidence in financial and home affairs, and thus make the *money question* satisfactory whether it be "one purse," "allowance," or other system.

76 My ideal husband is medium height and rather stout, has brown hair and blue eyes and even temper. He is always the same no matter where you meet him; loving and synpathizing, always ready to help the poor and downfallen, and to cheer the despondent and sad. Not miserly or selfish, but ready to give help and money when they are needed or required of him. He is always respectful to his wife and puts full confidence in her, also giving her full control of all household affairs and a sufficient amount of money to meet all expenses of home, etc. Kind to his children, and tries in every possible way to make them happy. When pleasure seeking always wishes his wife to accompany him, never leaving her at home alone unless she so desires or is sick, and if the latter I think it is his place to stay at home with her. Never takes any intoxicating beverages, nor offers them to others; never chews or smokes tobacco, and never gambles or uses any profane language and keeps company only with upright honest men. Keeps good hours at nights and gets up in the morning and lights the fires instead of allowing his wife to light them, as men so often do. Gives his wife credit and praise where deserving, and is not always fault-finding or grumbling and does not tell her faults before strangers or friends, keeps all family secrets and difficulties to himself, never letting other people know as much about home affairs and his business as he does himself. A sincere and active christian, always encouraging his wife and children in any good undertaking, and always attending the means of grace in company with them. Is clean and tidy at home and abroad, and helps to keep things in order. One who can wait upon and do things for himself, not wanting to be waited upon hand and foot by others.

77 My ideal of a husband. First he must be of a sanguine temperament and a philosopher; of pleasing address characterized by cultivated manners; stalwart and true with a disposition kind and affectionate, holding family sacred and their wishes paramount to other things on this mundane sphere. Learned but not pedantic, thoroughly practical, socially jocular, capable of enjoying the companionship of a few friends. Of good family and conduct regulated by the teaching of the Gospel. Temperate habits and a good business capacity.

An American Girl.

It happened in a Clifton cable car in Cincinnati. A pretty girl, faultlessly attired from the top of her bonnet to the tips of her dainty patent leather boots, jumped on the car in a great hurry at Clinton Avenue crossing. She had been busily engaged in putting on a pair of long suede gloves, which, after she entered the car she proceeded to button with that indespensable adjunct to a woman's toilet—a hairpin. This article proved refractory after a moment, and flew from her fingers. It landed at the feet of a young man who happened to be sitting beside her. He was a calm-eyed, confident young gentleman and he picked up the hairpin and instead of returning it to her, gently took her wrist in his left hand and gravely continued the buttoning processs.

Every man in the car had been watching the pretty Clifton girl; some openly, others furtively, from behind their newspapers. Now all the papers dropped, every one looked aghast, and gazed at the pretty girl to see what she would do. She did nothing. Showed no consciousness of what was going on The young man with a conscious look of triumph, finished his pleasant task, and the girl, with a preoccupied air and not a glance in his direction, opened her purse, took out a nickle and placed it in his hand. His expression changed with lightning-like rapidity; the color came to his face and he quickly murmured what was evidently an apology.

She listened with a wilfully misleading air and handed him another nickle. By this time his face had become scarlet and he begun low-toned earnest protestation. The calm, cool, and collected young lady signalled the conductor and, as she rose to depart, said in a clear distinct tone, audible to every one in the car "You must be satisfied with a dime. I never give more than ten cents for having my gloves buttoned or my boots cleaned."

In The Play Room.

" Mild or wild we love you, loud or still, child or boy."—SWINBURNE.

(The editor of this department will be pleased to receive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzles, short stories, poems, etc., will be welcomed. Address, Play Room Editor, in care of this paper.)

Mother's Darling.

My darling, my darling, my dear precious girl,
With the round rosy cheek and soft hair all a-curl,
Come kiss me and love me, my bonny wee child,
As sweet as the flowers, as loving and mild,
God keep thee and guard thee whatever befall,
In darkness or sunshine, my darling through all.

See the rosy cherub, see—
Full of frolic, full of glee;
Mounted high upon a seat,
Dancing with his tiny feet—
An Infant's bliss, how pure, how sweet!

Mark the loving mother's care!
In the fun she takes her share;
Watching with [illegible] delight
The happy, pranksome, little sprite—
An Infant's bliss, how pure, how sweet!

Who inspires an infant's mirth?
Who gives gladness e'en on earth?
'Tis the God who reigns above,
'Tis the God of joy and love—
His joy, his love, how pure, how sweet!

Answers to Puzzles.

(From Last Issue).

No. 1. DIAMOND

C
SAP
SQUAD
CAUTION
PAINT
DOT
N

No. 2. DIAMOND.

YORK
OBOE
ROAN
KENT

No. 3. Charade.—Pond—I—cherry.
No 4. Charade.—Robin—red—breast
No. 5. Shakespere.
No. 6. Sir Garnet Wolseley

Puzzles.

CHARADE.

I am a word of seven letters, my 1, 2, denotes a male; my 1, 2, 3, a female; my 1, 2, 3, 4, a male; and my whole a female. What am I?

Word Square.

A girl's name.
A metal.
A short letter.
Afresh.

A Single Acrostic.

1. A refined iron.
2. A fish.
3. A country in Europe.
4. A flower.
5. A large animal.
6. A liquid for writing.
7. A girl's name.
8. A color.

My initials read downwards give the name of a county in Scotland.

Buried Towns.

(Two in a Sentence.)

1. If he tries ten times he will not manage to dispel your allusions upon that subject.

2. The chairs may be of hazel, larch, or pine; but the table, on the whole, I prefer beech.

3. Be at the party, if you can, to-night,—Willie and Ben are sure to be there.

4. If ill, is Bonn a good place for me to take so long a trip, Oliver.

Enigmas.

1. My first is in poor, but not in rich;
My second is in moor, but not in ditch;
My third is not in Pat, but not in Guy;
My fourth is in gnat, but not in fly;
My fifth is in tune, but not in lay;
My sixth is in June, but not in May;
My whole is a town in Europe.

2. My first is in moist, but not in dry;
My second is in light, but not in dark;
My third is a girl, and not a boy,
My fourth is in sweet and not in sour;
My fifth is in orange, but not in apple;
My sixth is in Norway, but not in Stockholm;
My whole is the name of a great poet.

Queer Queries.

1. What is it that has one, two, three, and even four legs, and a head, and yet the last is never used for nodding or turning, and the first never took a single step since they were first created?

2. What has an eye that is not required for sight, which has neither pupil, iris, nor ball, and is always without a lid.

The Spelling Bee at Cards.

Take thirteen cards of different values, viz:—The ace, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, knave, queen and king.

Place three cards in such an order that when the value of each is being spelt out you remove one card from the top foreach letter and place it at the bottom. When the word is fully spelt, you mention the name or value of the card, and place the next card upon the table face upwards, showing the correct card you have been spelling. Repeat the operation with the remaining cards, spelling the next in value, until the whole thirteen have been brought out in their proper order.

To do this trick (which may be considerably varied) place the cards in the following order:

8, 7, 3, 1, king, 6, 4, 2.
Queen, knave, 10, 9, 5.

When so placed hand the cards to some one in the room, desiring him to take off the top card and place the same at the bottom, and to repeat the operation until you call for card by name. When called for he takes the next card and places it on the table, showing it to be correct.

You may either spell the card aloud or mentally; the latter is more puzzling to the audience.

Commencing with the first card you say, "O," with the second "N," with the third "E," and with the fourth "One," which is turned up.

With the topmost card of those left say, "T," next "W," and next "O," and the next card "Two."

In spelling three or queen care must be taken not to say double "E," but to spell each letter separately, so that each will count one card.

The knave must be spelt as such, not as jack.

DEAR PLAYROOM EDITOR:—Until to-day I have never written you a letter, but many times intended doing so. We get your paper every week, and I assure you it is the household pleasure. There is something in it for all of us, from papa down to baby, who is three years old. My two brothers, Fred, and Charlie, Bessie my sister and myself, go to the village school a distance of three miles from here, we take with us our lunch, and at noon hour Bessie reads the Playroom story to the girls, they all enjoy it so much. Not any of the other children take the paper, but some are going to do so soon. Perhaps you would like to hear something about our school. We are supposed to be in at nine o'clock in the morning, but the weather has been so rough this winter many of the girls and boys have not been able to attend until later. Our teacher, Miss Rogers, is kind and excuses us if we have a long way to come on a stormy morning. There is just one large room in the school-house. We have a stove in the centre which keeps the room very warm. I think the happiest time some of the children spend is during school hours; we have a kind teacher, and every comfort that can be had in a country school. Many of the children's parents are very poor and their homes are not as pleasant as they might be, but we who have comfortable homes try to make those who have not, feel welcome and happy while we are all in school. Our teacher never tires of telling us to "do unto others as we would have others do unto us," she is so good, and very kind to those who are not perhaps as nicely dressed, nor as good looking as some of the others are, and little by little is teaching us to do the same. I remember when papa and mamma decided to send us to the village school, what a horror and a dread we had of going, but we had not been there an hour before we were glad we went. In that little building all seemed sunshine, for Miss Roger had taught the children to love one another and I think they did too. I remember just after we came to school there was a family moved into the village, the father of which was a blacksmith, they were very poor and untidy too, the little children were sent to our school. Morning after morning they came without being properly dressed, disordered hair, and dirty faces and hands. It was not long before they looked very different though. Miss Roger did not scold them, neither did she shame them, but quietly said in the kindest of tones, "Willie, my boy, your little coat has not been brushed this morning, and some of the buttons are off of it; your hands too, are not clean nor your hair combed, my dear, I should like to see you and your sister look nice like the other children, won't you try for Miss Roger?" Willie did not hang his head with shame, but looked up at his teacher, a look of pleasure in his eyes, and said: "Yes, I'll try to tidy my sister and myself to-morrow." I saw Miss Rogers pat him on the head, and heard her say, "Do Willie, I should be so glad to see you look neat." In a few weeks Willie and his little sister looked as neat as any of the others, and were made just as much of. Don't you think our school days are happy ones, dear Editor? Were yours as full of sunshine as are ours? We should like you to write a story about some of the days you spent at school, I know it will be interesting to all of us. I will write you again soon.

Affectionately yours,

ROSE HILL, March 1st, 1892. CARRY C. M.

Master Selfishness.

At the request of Stanley T. the editor relates the following story, not for Stanley's benefit alone, but for the little boys and girls who are naughty in this way.

There lives a little boy not very far from here, who some people say has been spoiled; but I do not think that is so, for his mother is a woman of sense and reason and of good principles too; so you see people may be wrong in thinking him spoiled.

Harry's parents are very poor, his papa an invalid, and his mamma by her needle is the entire support of the little family. They live in a snug little cottage, which, when you enter has an air of comfort that seems to welcome the visitor; then the smiling countenance of Harry's mamma adds sunlight to the home, making the little picture almost complete.

Well, as I say Harry is selfish, day after day, and sometimes far into the night you can see his mamma sitting by the little fire, work in hand and needle flying to and fro trying, for Harry's sake to get a little ahead, that she might send him to school.

Harry does not care; every morning after he has had his breakfast he is off to play, he never thinks of asking his mamma if he may stay in and help her a little, or mind his baby sister, or go on any errand she may require or help papa dress, or do anything for him, unless he is asked; then, very unwillingly he goes about it I assure you.

One day, not very long ago, Harry's mamma was ill and she asked him to take care of baby a little while, her head was so bad and she had some sewing which should be done that day. "Well, I can't for a little while" said Harry, "I promised to go to the hills with the boys to sleighride." "Well Harry, mamma would like you to stay this morning and help her a little, to-morrow you may go to the hills, I shall feel better I trust and able to attend baby myself; you know I am very busy to-day."

"You always want me to stay in when I have made a promise to the boys, and this is such a fine morning you might let me go mamma," and Harry pouted and looked cross, while he breakfasted. "Well, if you promised, Harry, you must go, but remember mamma is not well to-day, and would like you to stay with her, but you must not break your word."

"All right," sang out Harry "thank you mamma, I'll stay with you to-morrow, and I won't be any longer than I can help." With that he took his little half-worn-out cap and off he went. I think it would have been a great deal better had Harry remained at home and amused his baby sister, or done anything he could to help his mamma, when he knew she was working so hard for him, don't you Stanley T.?

Well, the next day came, and with it the same old headache brought on by over anxiety and hard work, and mamma was not better.

Harry come down to breakfast, his mother notices he has his best coat on and enquires the reason. "Well mamma, Allan Lauder's papa is going to drive in the country to-day, and he promised to take Allan and me to spend the day, I thought you would not mind staying alone, you have papa and baby here and a day in the country is so jolly."

"Oh! Harry, you told me yesterday you would stay with me to-day," replied his mother," I hoped you would; I have so much to do and do not feel so well as I did yesterday. I need you more to-day Harry, you know you gave me your word." "Well if I promised I suppose I'll have to stay, but a day in the country is such fun, and I don't see what good I can do at home." "You must stay Harry," said his mamma kindly but firmly, "I am too ill to do much and shall require your help."

Baby was cross that day, and Harry not in the best of temper. He pulled her about, would not let her have his picture books, nor play with his toys; he had but few and he took good care not to let baby have them. Then at dinner time he asked for the nicest piece of meat, and took the largest piece of pie instead of giving these to his papa or mamma.

After dinner he longed to get out to play; his mamma wanted some thread, so she sent him off to the store to get it for her, telling him "to go as quickly as he could, she was waiting for it to go on with her work."

Harry did not hurry, minding baby was all very well on rainy days, and on his way he met some of the schoolboys, so he stayed to have a game or two with them; by that time he had forgot what his mamma had sent him for, so he had to go home again to enquire. Well, Stanley T., and other little contributors, what do you think of Harry? I need not tell you any more about him, but I think he is a very very selfish little boy, one thing is which I feel sure is, that his mamma, by her gentle, loving and patient kindness will, ere long make a different boy of him. And before many years have passed he will be unselfish in all ways, and appreciate his parents who are so kind to him.

Stanley, I never saw a boy or girl who could not be broken of selfishness if they loved their mother, and Harry does that.

Hazelkirk

A Kiss in Time.

A story is going the rounds on the South Side which makes a well known society young man and a [illegible] the principal characters in a rather laughable comedy. The young man, who is noted for his handsome bearing and winning voice, accompanied the young lady to her home on Friday evening, and as all true lovers do, lingered yet a little while at the gate to have a lover's *tete-a-tete* with his fair companion. The night was beautiful, no one near to intrude, and, above all he loved! Why shouldn't she kiss him? With maiden modesty she refused. He implored. She still witheld from him that which would [illegible] with happiness. The request was repeated several times, and so engrossed did the man become in wooing that he failed to note the approach of the parental step. The old gentleman, who had been there himself, and did not care to intrude upon the happiness of the young couple, quietly stepped behind a convenient rosebush and waited, thinking the young man would soon leave. In this way he was mistaken. The lover tarried over the request until the patience of the old gentleman was exhausted. A voice the couple well knew aroused them from their happiness in a tone of impatient anger by saying: "Alice, kiss the young idiot, and let him go home!"

Culinary.

"Man is a carnivorous production and must have meals."—Byron.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Some Peculiarities of Southern Cooking.

Owing to the extreme heat of the climate many articles of food are prepared and used in the south which are never seen on northern tables, and some kinds which are used in both sections, are prepared in an entirely different manner in the former from that in vogue in the latter. To be explicit, we will first consider the subject of bread-stuffs, which although consisting of the same grains are metamorphosed into edible shape by processes differing materially from those used in colder climates; take for example "beaten biscuits." To about two quarts of white flour placed on the wooden mixing-board, are added a tea-cup full of lard, and enough buttermilk to make a soft dough, in the milk soda sufficient to sweeten has been dissolved, this mixed rapidly with the hand is thrown upon the marble slab which has been floured thoroughly; now armed with the beater, or failing that implement, the rolling-pin, the cook beats the unoffending batch of biscuits with a vim and pertinacity worthy of ye old-time pedagogue when dealing with an unusually fractious pupil, the dough is thrown, tumbled and turned, this way and that, until the snowy surface is covered with blisters, when it is cut into small round, or large triangular biscuits and baked in the oven? No indeed! they are placed in a bake-kettle, a bed of red hot coals is drawn out upon the hearth, and on these the kettle is set, the iron cover adjusted and a shovelful of ashes laid on it, then a quantity of coals on the ashes; baked in this way the upper and under crusts are browned very quickly and wonderfully crisp, sweet biscuit is the result. There is no manner of baking so satisfactory as that accomplished by means of the bake-kettle. Bread made from wheaten flour and raised with yeast, is called "light bread," and is seldom used except for Sunday dinners; it is baked in the same way as are biscuits. The "staff of life" south of Mason and Dixon's line is corn bread, the handle of the staff is bacon. Deprived of these two articles of food, no southerner to the manner born and bred, could exist. Of the varieties of corn bread there are five. Corn-pones—meal well salted, mixed with water to the consistency of bread dough and cooked in two ways, fried in a skillet and cut in triangular pieces, or baked in the kettle in oval cakes about six inches long by four in width and always bearing the distinct impress of the cook's finger-ends. Johnnie-cake takes a little molasses added to the above ingredients and is baked in this way, the centre-piece of a barrel-top is set up aslant before the fire and when hot the cakes are slapped quickly upon the side nearest the fire and there they brown until they are as sweet as nuts. Ash-cakes are formed of the same ingredients as the foregoing, but are baked in the hot ashes on the hearth, no matter if the ashes adhere to them, that small inconvenience does not injure the taste for the negro palate! A hoe-cake is made of meal, salt, water, as is the corn-pone and is sometimes laid on the ashes in front of the fire and sometimes on a hot brick, very seldom it is baked on a hot skillet. Egg-bread is the most aristocratic of corn-breads. From four to six eggs well beaten and enough milk to make a thick batter, are added to a pint of meal and one cup of flour, a little salt, one tea-spoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar, are mixed with the meal and flour before the other ingredients are added, the mixture is thoroughly beaten, then poured into a well greased bake-kettle which is set over a bed of hot coals, with another supply on the lid covering it. When made and cooked in this way egg-bread equals the best of sponge-cake; some cooks add half a cup of butter, but as it is eaten well buttered this is not necessary. The southern corn meal is of the white fine grain variety, (not yellow and sticky) which renders it exceedingly light and wholesome, especially desirable for serving with the greasy meats so often seen in this latitude, or the molasses (not syrup) without which no southern meal is considered properly arranged. As to health, the different kinds of corn-bread are far more nutritious and digestible than that made from wheat-flour, which cannot be used for a steady, exclusive diet, without producing diseases of both stomach and bowels, difficult to eradicate from the system. So we may perhaps be allowed to reiterate that to those sojourning in the Sunny South, corn-bread is indeed the staff of life and a right worthy and reliable one it is too.

Ruth Argyle.

Prof. Wickle's Prize Graphological Examination.

Special Notice.

The Ideal Wife Prize Examination closed on Dec. 15th. We shall continue to publish in this column the delineation of the different specimens of handwriting sent in for the Prize Competition until they have been completed. We will then publish the decision with the numbers to which the different prizes were awarded. No more specimens of handwriting will be delineated for this Examination. It will be useless for subscribers to forward them, as Competition closed, as above stated, on Dec. 15th, and we shall simply continue to publish those which were received on or before that date.

Delineations

464 This is a rather unpractical but very sincere person, confiding, open-hearted and fond of all the pleasures of life. She would be apt to depend a good deal on others for her opinions, is careful, and honest, but lacks culture and determination.

465 This is a rather prosy, but very conscientious lady, energetic and thorough, but not original, has some tact, great sympathy, love of beauty and very correct and reliable principles. Has also some humor and great liking for her own way, and all else that is hers. A rather good business woman.

466 Your writing is that of a self-willed person, breezy and erratic in method, decided and constant in disposition, with artistic taste and some ability and appreciation of the beautiful. You are very self-seeking, rather conservative and though good-tempered and sometimes witty, not always pleasant. You are rather careful, very persistent and orderly.

467 This lady is very tenacious, rather tempersome, persevering, logical, extremely constant and has a high idea of honor. She is a little prejudiced however, and apt to form hasty opinions which will stand reconsideration.

468 This lady is blunt and honest, rather idealistic with good self-esteem, rather good temper, a little impatient and apt to assert herself unduly. She lacks hope, buoyancy and all manner of tact and diplomacy. Her aye is aye, and her nay, nay. She is reasonably careful, not self-indulgent, inartistic, but capable of large thoughts and noble actions.

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the Ladies Pictorial Weekly. Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.

Youina.—You wrote me sometime ago about the Pansy and Fay Huntingdon books. Well, I have been looking them over, and can assure you that they have no connection with one another. For the small girl, I should recommend you to buy the Bessie, Lily, Mildred, and Elsie books. They are all pure and harmless reading. Fay Huntingdon's books are for older readers, they are rather on a level with some of E. P. Roe's, I should say.

Chandos.—The Queen of England has no sisters; of her daughters, the Princess Alice of Hesse, is dead; and of her sons, Duke of Albany, Prince Leopold. I don't quite see your meaning as to who are her nearest relatives. Her children of course. She is just now visiting at Hejeres, in Southern France.

Minnie.—I do not know. Write and ask the editor. Same address.

Maud.—1. It entirely depends on the state of your health. Sometimes a muddy complexion is the result of stomachic disarrangement, sometimes the skin needs cleansing; take a face massage, and be careful to keep the skin soft and clean. 2. Sponge it with ammonia and water. A hat restorer in the Grand Opera block will clean it for a small sum.

Cynic.—You can get a mouse grey, without that fleeting tint which fades, or a dust grey; black and white will be very fashionable this season. A delicate grey-green would suit you, or a rich heliotrope. If you like a stripe of medium width, it would add to your height. I think your first request won't be likely to be answered.

Francis.—A colonist car, is a neatly fitted day and night car, with berth and toilette rooms. The emigrant cars are for foreigners, but the colonist's cars are comfortable and you can travel cheaply in one, of course there are bound to be unpleasantnesses, such as crowding, restless children, and limited conveniences, but as you say it is an object with you to travel cheaply, I dare say you can stand the temporary discomforts.

Tom Noddy.—If you desire to ask a lady to go with you to the theatre, it is more attentive to call and proffer your request. Don't buy your seats until you ask her, and then add to your invitation a request to know where she prefers to sit, some prefer a seat near the stage, some prefer the gallery. Unless you are intimate with her, don't be surprised if she declines, as a good many people won't allow their daughters to attend a theatre with a gentleman.

Isidore.—I think, under the circumstances, a quiet wedding would be sufficient. You will save a great deal of worry and money, and will be just as happy a year hence.

Hostess.—For a small dinner, I should not have more than two waitresses, they only get in each other's way. Your table decorations can be costly or simple, just as you manage. If you use silk and ribbons, they will do another time. I saw a lovely dinner lately at which the only decorations were lily of the valley and smilax, It was given for a christening and everything was in white. Orchids are out of place, unless you have elegant china linen and silver. Your idea about the glass is very good. I should certainly try it, if I were you.

Mamie.—A nice costume for early summer would be a *cafe au lait* crepon, with crepe hat and wild roses; or for a less dressy one, a gingham with Irish lace, and a white openwork straw hat with wreath of wild flowers and *nacre* ribbon. Black lace dresses are a trifle off style. A more modish way to make up your old black trained silk would be to cut a bell skirt slightly long with a short basque, trim the skirt with three or four narrow ruffles of silk, or two of silk alternating with two of lace, and full a very deep lace flounce round the basque, even as deep as to the knees, then take a medium width in the same lace, and full it over the shoulders *en berth*, you can see the effect in any fashion book. Narrow black lace at the neck should be worn.

The Art of Resting.

In addition to the good night's sleep, it is a good plan to take a short nap in the middle of the day. It divides the working time, gives the nervous system a fresh hold on life, and enables one to more than make up for the time so occupied. It is well to guard against too long a sleep at such a time, since such is apt to produce disagreeable relaxation. There has been much discussion regarding the after-dinner nap. Many believe it to be injurious; but it is, nevertheless, natural and wholesome. Much can be accomplished in the way of resting, short of sleep. It is very important to economize the opportunities for rest during working hours in the day. The great principle which underlies daily rest is relieving one portion of the organization from duty while the others are at work. This can be done to a great extent.

When the muscles are tired and worn from mechanical work which requires but little attention of the brain, stop motion, and set the brain at work. The laborer can read, think, and speak while his weary limbs are at rest. His brain need not be idle because the hammer or chisel has dropped from his weary hand. On the other hand, a man can work with his hands when his head is tired. The book-keeper, whose head is weary with business facts and figures by five o'clock in the afternoon, has plenty of time in the evening to sing, play, dig in the garden, or black his boots, all or either of which he may do while his head is partially at rest. There is another very important way of obtaining rest mentally; that is, by changing from one occupation to another. The dexterous gold-beater, when he finds one arm getting tired, takes the hammer in the other; and so may the man who hammers the thoughts out of his brain exercise one set of mental functions while the others are at rest. One may read until tired, and then write; may acquire knowledge until weary, and then teach to others.

The Limit of Virtue.

Every one has some good trait; some fortunate natures have many. We inherit good tendencies, which our circumstances develop into particular virtues. We see the same traits handed down from father to son and grandson, until they become family virtues and sources of just pride. One family is noted for its honesty, another for its loyalty, and a third for its warm-heartedness and helpfulness. Such qualities are a precious inheritance whose possession stimulates personal pride—pride which should be tempered with humility and misgivings, lest we fail to reach the shining set by those who went before. *Noblesse oblige* is more true of mental and moral inheritances than of fortune's favors.

After trying to cultivate some chosen trait, it does not take many years before it becomes our own particular virtue. We rejoice in it; by degrees we glory in it; we bring it forward at every turn, and wrap up and hug ourselves with this our pet virtue like a favored garment, quite forgetting that in our enthusiasm and one-sided efforts we are turning our virtue into a vice.

Truthfulness is of priceless value, but it is quite possible to become so imbued with pride in our ability to speak the truth in season and out of season, that we forget entirely that though speech be silvern, silence is golden. We speak the truth with such vigor and such inaptness that we lose all sight of that consideration which we are bound to show to other's feelings. We become so high and mighty in our truthfulness that we are positively brutal.

Perhaps helpfulness to others is the most salient point in our character, and we go on generously helping those who come in our way to the best of our ability. Often we deny ourselves pleasures and luxuries that we may minister to our fellows, or freely use our time and strength in others' behalf. It would seem that nothing but good could result. But soon we become so engrossed by our own side of the question that we forget that there may be another. We possess ourself with the facts of the lives of those we are aiding, and by-and-by we become convinced that the help or counsel we are giving affords us the right to become domineering and meddlesome. We brush aside all individual preferences and capacities with an assured impatience, and expect a grateful following of our own ideas.

But our helpfulness has gone too far; for where we have not fostered shiftlessness and laziness we have produced the bitter sense of loss of personal rights and thanklessness, and we ourselves are hurt by the loss of that delicate sense of the rights of others which is the natural safeguard of even our very virtues. Also, we can be so loyal that we deceive and lead away those who trust us, and suddenly we find we have been harboring a wrong-doer and shielding an evil. We have allowed loyalty to crowd out our judgment and to blind our sense of justice. We have countenanced evil and strengthened its hold over some weaker mortal. We have lost our influence and warped our mental and moral outlook.

In the same way we find that pride in any especial virtue will inevitably produce an opposite result, and in exact proportion to our thoughtlessness and vanity. But how shall we keep our good traits within the boundary line? How shall we know that we have overstepped? It is easier for some to be truthful, for some to be loyal, for some to be helpful than for others; but whenever we allow ourself to present one virtue, be it what it may, as a reason for being deficient in others equally needed in a noble character, we may be sure that our efforts are bent from their source for good. To keep our good intentions and acts in the line of usefulness and positive good, we must humbly guard and measure them by all those attributes of nobility which may not have been bestowed on us so abundantly.

Manners in Children.

If we desire our children to be courteous we must treat them with respect. They will infallibly copy our manners; so we must take care that they are the best. Let us be as careful of their feelings as we wish them to be of those of others. When it is necessary to administer reproof, let it be given in private. Many children are very sensitive on this point, and they feel acutely, although they cannot put their emotions in words. To tell a child in public that it has been rude, or lacking in good breeding, is as unwarrantable as it would be to tell a guest so. It is no excuse to say that we are trying to teach it to do better; we can do this with greater effect if we take it aside at the first convenient moment and gently point out where the error was, and what should be done the next time.

A Flowery Path.

Young Tutter (who has been invited to call): "I hope I won't have any difficulty in finding your house, Miss Calloway."

Miss Calloway: "Oh no; I don't think you will, Mr. Tutter. You can tell the house in this way; just before you get to it, on the first corner is a florist's establishment."

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Idle Thoughts of an Idle Woman.

I have been casting about in my mind for some feminine equivalent for fellow. The English language has no female fellow. The nearest word I can hit upon is jade, and there is something too rakish about jade, it lacks respectability. Therefore I have been obliged to substitute the solemn and imposing woman for the engaging and sportive fellow. Jerome K. Jerome has a great deal to answer for in the combination of his signature. Jerome K. Jerome has instigated Tomkins H. Tomkins, Haye Q. Haye and various other adaptations of the original idea. Writing of signatures suggests another thought! Why do so many married women now-a-days retain their maiden names and prefix them to those of their husbands. Emily de Smythe now signs herself Emily de Smythe Browne, and Mary Hopkinson is known as Mary Hopkinson Jones. Not even the longest name deters them. Possibly it is meant as a clue to identity, a substitute for the almost obselete *nee*. We used to read of Mrs. Ponsonby nee de Tomkins and other ladies of that ilk who are never so distinguished now. Husbands I fear are losing their individuality in the 19th century. America is a fine country, and the Paradise of women after all. Really the apathy of married men is astounding. Last month the ladies, presumably of that sort upon whom Mrs. Lynn Linton looks with favourable smiles—of Carmarthen held a debate at which the discussion was "Should ladies open their husband's letters?" The discussion seems to have been very warm indeed; in the course of it one young and innocent maiden timidly ventured to state she thought that ladies should not open their husband's letters, and characterized such a proceeding as "inquisitive, unwomanly and improper." All the matrons present immediately sat upon her and one stern Minerva-like female—a Mrs. Bowser—proposed an amendment to the effect "That ladies were perfectly and legally justified in opening their husband's letters and also in making the fullest inquiries into all their business transactions." This was carried by an overwhelming majority! One would like to know if matrimony is popular down in that part of Wales, and how many of the down-trodden sex have their letters addressed to their clubs. These good women should be reminded of the instructive little fable in which one Blue Beard once figured.

DO WOMEN FEEL PAIN.

My ideas of the sexes are becoming hopelessly mixed, since I read a curious little paper in the *Fortnightly Review* on the "Physical Insensibility of Women" by Professor Lombroso, the same eminent man of science who discovered that all men of genius are mad. He now maintains that a woman does not feel anything nearly as much as man. In fact he has proved it by experiment. "I have myself" he says "used Weber's aesthesiometer to measure the power of tact, and sensitiveness to pain at the tip of the forefinger in over 100 women; and I have found that, except in the case of very young girls whose tactile sensitiveness is exceedingly developed woman's sense of touch is in general, nearly twice as obtuse as that of men." But this is not all. Here be further proofs. "From some of the principal surgeons in Europe, I have elicited opinions amply confirming me in the above conclusions concerning the manner in which women bear pain during the course of surgical operations effected under the same conditions of age and disease as in the case of an equal number of men. I have been informed that the majority of women allow themselves to be operated upon with astonishing insensibility almost as though the body beneath the surgeon's knife were that of another and not their own." "The Professor then quotes Balzac, Dante, and the Italian proverbs to show that women do not feel joy, sorrow, or love so keenly as men. In fact the male is after all the sensitive sex.

FEMALE CUPIDITY.

No case probably since the baccarat scandal has excited more curiosity and comment than the Pearl Robbery by Mrs. Florence Osborne, which points the moral and adorns the tale of female vanity. It seems to me to specially illustrate that Devil's proverb, "the sin is in being found out." I am convinced that there is an amount of petty purloining going on in English society at any rate, which is almost incredible. Women deliberately annex articles of value belonging to their bosom friends or near acquaintances, and then defy detection by denial. If the article is not marked what proof has the unlucky owner of her own property. Now it has become the fashion when the thief is taxed with her theft to sue the victim for libel. I saw last week that this had happened in England and following upon the Osborne case threatened another scandal in high life. One Lady well known in London society missed a valuable brooch, which she subsequently discovered accidentally in a jeweller's window; she promptly entered the shop and enquired where it had been obtained. The jeweller gave her the name of one of her personal friends from whom he had bought the bauble for a good round figure. Lady No 1. went home and wrote a note to Lady No 2. taxing her with the deed. As an acknowledgement of her missive, she was served with a notice of libel the next day. We now await developments. But the matter will probably be adjusted between these social lights rather than brought into court. I know of a case of larceny which occurred during the present winter in England, at a cotillion in a private house.

A young lady was the proud possessor of a very handsome and valuable fan. One of the figures selected for the evening, happened to be one in which all the ladies' fans were put in an ornamental basket, the men selecting their partners according to the fans they had noticed or imagined to belong to certain ladies present. The girl in question tied a piece of narrow blue ribbon on to her valuable fan to assure identification, but when her turn came she found it had been claimed by another girl, and the one offered her by her partner was not hers at all but a very inferior article, which being unclaimed by every one fell to her lot. She at once said it was not hers, however there was no alternative left but to dance. After the figure was over she noticed a girl on the opposite side of the room calmly using her cherished fan, she accordingly sent her partner who happened to be an officer over to her with the fan he had given her saying there was some mistake, as the fan she saw her with was her's, and she accordingly returned the one she had been given. Imagine the surprise of the gentleman when the young woman addressed calmly informed him, that the fan with the piece of blue ribbon attached was her own, that she had used it all the evening, and did not understand what his partner meant. He returned crestfallen without the fan, and I do not know what was the sequel of the story. Nothing more has been heard of the matter up to date, and the presumption is that the rightful owner being a quiet gentle girl, was afraid to press her claim. I am told such cases are of constant occurrence, but in America we have been spared, so far as I have heard, similar experiences. It is just as well in these degenerate days not to be too intimate with the ornaments of our female friends. I felt quite nervous lately when I was being showed some valuable diamonds, and casually remarked that I trusted my friend would not miss any of them during the coming weeks. I don't want to see any one's jewels, laces, handkerchiefs or fans until the present epidemic is over.

A WOMAN'S IDEA.

I suppose every one has read Jerome K. Jerome's new magazine "The Idler" of which the February and March numbers are now on the market. I should like to have seen a large butterfly or a busy bee emblazoned on its cover which has no merit of original design. The matter within however is original enough to have absorbed all the author's attention. Indeed it struck me as so very original that I venture in fear and trembling of the literary critics to suggest, that the stories in it purporting to be by Mark Twain, Bret Harte, James Payn and Andrew Lang are not by these well known authors at all, but are in the cases of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and James Payn parodies by Jerome of these authors' styles. In that of Andrew Lang Jerome has given experiences of literary ideas which are most unlikely to be Andrew Lang's. In fact I look upon "The Idler" as a very clever hoax. As it has been accepted in good faith I feel I am casting a library bomb-shell, at the public. I do not know how such a scheme could be carried out unless with the concurrence of the authors. But any one who will read the two magazines by this new light will find it not unworthy of consideration. Jerome K. Jerome and Robert Barr are also I believe one and the same person, the clever humorist, in their joint authorship parodying the present rage for literary collaboration.

SPRAGGE E. SPRAGGE.

An Amusing Game.

An amusing game is one called "Queries." Questions are written on slips of paper, sufficient room being left for answers. They are all folded, dropped into a basket, and thoroughly mixed. Each person draws one, opens, and reads it, writes the answer, folds it again, and drops it into the basket. Then whoever is good at deciphering strange handwritings is appointed to read aloud the results of the intellectual efforts of the assembly. There have been some good answers—usually they have been stolen—but if people can steal good things it's much wiser than giving original things that are stupid. "What is love?" is, funnily enough, oftenest written by a man, and answered by a woman.

I laughed over one answer given to this the other night. A bold, masculine hand had made clear that never-ending question, "What is love?" and in a woman's handwriting was the answer, "The selfish desire on the part of a man to make one woman unhappy." Another that was written by a woman was, "When is a woman at her best?" and the answer from a man said, "when she is like a salad—tender, young and well-dressed." Somebody was idiot enough to write, "What is the best book to read?" and somebody else impertinent enough to answer, in a bad pun, "The Scarlett Letter." The thing that broke up the game that night was the question, written by an innocent young man, "Should women smoke?" and the answer, written by another man, was, "Not if she was my wife or a sister, unless she yearned for a horse-whipping afterwards." This was discussed to such an extent that all intellectual efforts were given the go-by, and "sassing back" became the order of the evening until peace was brought about by supper. However, knowing it is the vogue to be a little blue, and to be decidedly analytical, and that is fashionable, makes the trying of the game of queries worth while in any place.

Why Man is the Superior Being

"There, I've come away and forgot my gloves," said Mrs. Buxom to her husband as they started to make some calls the other evening. "You were in such a hurry that I don't suppose I'm more than half dressed."

"That's just like a woman," said Buxom, "always something left behind. Now, you see a man has an orderly and disciplined mind and always does one thing at a time, and doesn't get left. But I'll go back and get your gloves. Great Scott! I have left my door-keys in my other pocket, and the girl has gone out."

"No, you took 'em out and left 'em on the bureau by my gloves," said Mrs. Buxom. "I remember seeing them."

"Good gracious, woman, you are enough to drive one wild! Why didn't you tell me? You might have known I laid them there so as to be sure to put 'em into my other pocket. Of course I did; that's the only way to do a thing; have some system about you; but of course, a woman would never guess what I laid them down there for."

The Fallacy of Fish and Brain.

As a result of personal experience, says a recent writer, I may state that some years since I lived for a period of forty days, so far as what is called solid food is concerned, solely on fish, with, of course, the addition of bread (no potatoes were eaten during the period); but I cannot recommend that mode of living. I discovered, before the forty days had expired, that fish was not the staff of life.

In the course of my experiment I not only lost flesh, but also energy, nor did I feel my head clearer, or my thoughts and feelings more alert than when subsisting on more varied food.

Whilst living upon fish only, one feels "a want," a craving for "something you don't know what"—that is to say, you cannot give a name to your desires, nor does the feeling wear off as you continue the dietary; at all events, in my case, "custom came not to the rescue"; so, after forty days had expired, I returned to the flesh-pots, not all at once though, being convinced that caution was necessary.

One popular fallacy in connection with fish may be noticed—namely, the oft-repeated assertion that the eating of that particular food increases brain power. No one who has studied the subject can possibly believe the assertion. A man might eat a huge portion of fish every day of his life, and on the day of his death, if the quantity of phosphorus (the brain invigorator) consumed were to become visible, it would not amount to more than might probably suffice to tip a couple of lucifer matches. Communities have existed that lived almost solely on fish, but these ichthyophagists were certainly not famous for intellectual attainments. Nor are other fisher villages, in many of which much fish is presumably consumed, the seats of any great amount of brain power. None of our fisher-folks are remarkable for genius, or even what is called common sense; their views of life and its responsibilities being shrouded in a haze of superstitition, which they lack sufficient strength of mind to see through.

No fishing community, so far as is known to the writer, has given to the world a great man. Men of mark—poets, preachers, lawyers, warriors, philosphers, and physicians—have emanated, in Scotland at any rate, from all classes except the fishing class.

Love at First Sight.

We often read in song and story of "love at first sight," of young men and maidens whose "eyes meet," and whose fate is there and then settled for life. As a general thing, there is more of romance than reality in these cases. Love in this work-a-day world is not a spontaneous creation. He generally comes after long preliminaries, after months—or, at least, weeks—of acquaintanceship.

"We met, 'twas in a crowd," and all that sort of thing, is voted old-fashioned along with the poetry of a former generation. Cupid is now represented with money-bags, instead of a bow and arrow, and love's young dream has turned into stern reality. Not that there is no such thing as love nowadays. Its existence is unquestionable, but it is not indispensable in the marriage relation.

Nevertheless, there are many cases of love at first sight, notwithstanding the practical way in which people, as a rule, look upon courtship and marriage.

Not long since a young German girl was standing near the window waiting her turn to purchase a ticket to take her back to the Fatherland. A young countryman came up on the same errand. The moment his blue eyes fell upon Gretchen, the dart of Cupid transfixed both their hearts.

Commanded by the young man's gaze, Gretchen stepped out of the line, and the two commenced an animated conversation, and, shortly afterwards, both went away together. The banns were put up there and then, and the marriage took place as soon as the necessary formalities could be complied with.

A lady was standing at her window with a friend one day, and saw two strange young men go by. She looked at one of them quickly, and then said, quietly, to her friend: "That man will be my husband." The young man did not hear her—it was quite impossible that he could do so—but he turned round suddenly, and then said to the other young man: "That girl in plnk is the wife for me."

Nothing but a due respect for the conventionalities prevented him from going into the house, and making his proposal on the instant, so certain did he feel that it was only a matter of introduction. He was a stranger in the place, but he persevered until he found someone who was acquainted with the young lady, and he called in company with him that very evening. As soon as Miss A——saw him enter the room she said, "my fate is sealed." They talked business that very evening—his references were found highly satisfactory, and they were married in less than a month. Fourteen years have elapsed since then, and they have never once repented their hasty union.

But, as a general thing, marrying on such slight acquaintance is a dangerous proceeding. On the other hand, there is a couple who have been engaged for no less a period than fifty years! Those who knew them in their youth, say they were just as near to marrying half-a-century ago as they are to-day. When anyone speaks to the old lady on the subject she acknowledges the engagement; but says that she does not want to anything rashly—people make such dreadful mistakes by hurrying on a marriage!

Equipped for Travel.

Boston Maid (in Hub bookstore): "I am compelled to go to New York for an extended sojourn. Have you a New York guide?"

Clerk: "I regret to say, madam, that we have not."

Boston Maid: "How unfortunate. Well, give me a dictionary of American slang."

Observations.

The liar despises those that believe him, and hates those who don't.

The woman who loves you is at once your detective and accomplice.

By the world's law a man is held guilty until he is proved innocent—and afterward.

Modern pessimism is ancient Calvinism with God left out.

Some people would like to have an inquisition to compel liberality and toleration.

To tell a woman you love her without doing so, and then to love her without telling her so, is the Alpha and Omega of flirtation.

How exasperating are those sunny-natured people who will never allow you to complain.

Many a woman makes a man perfectly wretched because she loves him so much.

If I were as rich as my right-hand neighbor I should have his faults; if I were as poor as my left-hand neighbor I should have his. Being myself I have mine.

A man who praises himself meets with a general denial; a man who decries himself finds plenty to agree with him.

Mirthful but Polite.

Kosciusko Jinks is one of the most polite and deferential men in Texas. Not long since he was sitting at a hotel table at which there were several drummers with whom he was not acquainted. They were telling stories and laughing vociferonsly.

Kosciusko never smiled, but after an excruciating funny story had been told, and the drummers were almost speechless with laughter, he leaned over and said timidly:

"Gentleman, my name is Jinks, and if you have no objection I would like to chuckle a little myself over that last story."

TWO OF THEM.—"Hullo!" said the Chestnut to the Robin. "What are you?".

"I'm a little bird," said the Robin. "What are you?"

"I'm a little burred, too," said the Chestnut.

NOT OF MUCH ACCOUNT.—A mother was calling the attention of her little boy to the moon, which was to be seen clearly but pallidly in the early afternoon. "Why, you can't see the moon in the daytime?" replied the youngster. "Oh, yes, you can—there it is over the trees!" The little fellow looked, and had to admit the fact he saw it, but he added. "Tain't lighted anyhow."

QUALIFIED TO PLAY TRAGEDY.—A house-painter once applied for an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre.

"I enclose you a newspaper cutting," he said, "to show you that I have aptitude for the stage."

The cutting was as follows: "The prisoner, who denied the assault conducted his own case, and defended himself in a somewhat dramatic manner.

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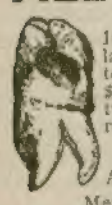

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Saved By Death.

A Tammany brave, who is a close friend of Sergeant-at Arms Tom Coakley, caused a flurry in the Treasury Department a day or two ago by ingeniously circumventing one of the cast-iron regulations provided for the clerks in Uncle Sam's big beehive, says A. Boswell of the World.

One of the rules most strictly enforced is that no employes can be seen by outsiders during business hours, "except in case of sickness or death." The Tammanyite was very anxious to see a friend before returning to New York, and upon being informed of the rule was for a moment at a loss how to proceed. Suddenly a bright idea struck him.

"Please say to the chief of division," he said to the doorkeeper in a plaintive tone, "that I want to see Brown very much. My grandfather is dead."

The doorkeeper performed the errand with alacrity, and Brown speedily appeared and shook the Tammanyite's hand with much sympathy.

"I am very sorry, old man, to hear of your grandfather's death," he said. "I know that sympathy don't amount to much on these occasions, but I am really very much pained."

"Oh, that's all right," responded the New Yorker. "The old man died about 20 years ago. Come out and get a cocktail. I want to talk to you."

BAILEY—"Robinson is penurious, isn't he?"

THOMPSON—"I should rather think so! He won't even laugh at a joke unless it is at someone else's expense."

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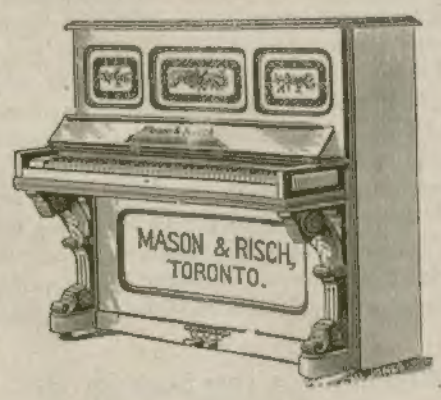

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Home Hygiene.

The numerous healthful "grits" and coarse cereals that flood our markets to-day were unknown in my grandmother's time, but she was never without her corn, rye, or graham bread; barley cakes, hasty-puddings, samp, hulled corn, and a home-made kind of cracked wheat. And how delicious were all these things when served with a generous pitcher of cream which was ever a complement of grandmother's table, at breakfast, dinner or tea. She was sometimes without butter, but the cream was never missing, and more than made up for this lack.

Not long since, I read an able and interesting letter from a standard "M. D." that was certainly very flattering to my grandmother's good sense in her use of cream, advocating it in the place of butter on the ground of greater healthfulness, less labor and economy.

So, sisters, let us all cease to "blow back the cream," when getting the milk from the table. Don't let us skim and skim, hoarding every globule as though it would be wasted unless turned into butter. Have you ever calculated how much butter a pitcher would make, and how much labor also, in the skimming, preserving, churning, rinsing, salting, working, "working over," and packing down? From the ordinary cream-pitcherful not enough for an individual butter-pat, but in its natural state it would supply a family of three or four for a meal of potatoes and pudding.

Most children would "love" cream on their bread and potatoes; would prefer it to butter or greasy gravies; so would many grown people; and, as the "M. D." has said, how much more healthful, simple and economical. I emphasize this last point because to many it will prove the most potent in inducing them to make the change, for some can set before their families the most indigestible and laborious compounds, without a tremor of conscience, who would feel they had committed an unpardonable sin had they lacked in the matter of economy.

Whenever I hear a woman bragging of the quarts of milk she sells (from one cow) to this one and that, of the cream she furnishes a small boarding-house, of her "butter exchange," etc., I know she is robbing her own family, and making indigestion and doctor's bills! Such an one warms up her potatoes in milk of an etherial hue, with possibly a few molecules of butter as a bait; or, these proving unpalatable, even to throwing away, fries them in lard or drippings. She believes in "pies" and fried cakes, instead of puddings and simple, wholesome cookies or cake. She makes biscuit of baking powder, lard, "skim milk" or water, instead of the thick, sour cream. She gives her family milk most zealously skimmed for coffee and tea, for fruit and cereal puddings, and for drinks. Her family soon have poor appetites, crave something stimulating, and possibly gratify these unnatural desires by eating highly-seasoned food, or indulging in alcoholic drinks and resorting to the pipe, quid or cigar. When her children have asked for bread she has given them a stone, and principally because she felt she must be, and thought that she was, economical.

But you see back of all this was this woman's ignorance of the "chemistry" of food and the true relation of food to the human body. Because she could not see how a lard-soaked doughnut could make a "strike" in the "internal workshop," she believes it does not, and lays all her ills to the weather or Providence.

Of course, cream is not a necessity for healthful living, but I am pleading with those who, having milk and cream, use it so skimpingly or laboriously, as in butter.

Grandmother had her opinions on the matter of table drinks, also. Coffee and "store tea" were occasional luxuries only. Pure water and rich milk, with home-made coffee, sage and mint teas were our staple drinks. There is dire need of our reforming in the matter of table drinks as well as in those offered over the bar. We do not realize how responsible are the tea and coffee so freely given our growing children for their intemperate and other bad habits; but that their influence is demoralizing to the entire physical system doctors have long conceded, and recent investigations are emphasizing. Let us learn to deny them these destructive pleasures, and, better still, deny ourselves.

Another health measure of my grandmother's was the careful rinsing of the mouth in the morning before eating and the taking in of a good breath of fresh air. Dear grandmother, would that I could perpetuate this and all your valuable health maxims!

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY

A Brave Deed.

The following historical sketch may be interesting to our readers, as it is relative to the names of two streets in our city, *i e*, Roncevalles and Sauroren Avenues, Toronto.

The fate of the Spanish Peninsula was settled at Vittoria, where the French army, under Joseph Bonaparte, was utterly defeated. Marshal Soult was instantly despatched by Napoleon to arrest the torrent of invasion, which then threatened the sacred French soil. From Vittoria the Duke of Wellington had chased the French to the defiles of the Pyramids, where Soult, with an army of 75,000 men, soon established a formidable base of operations. On the 25th of July, 1813, his dispositions for an advance having been completed, he attacked the position of Roncevalles (a name celebrated in song and story in the middle ages) and launched the right and left wing of his army upon General Byng, who held the pass with 5,000 men, the French being 40,000. The fourth division, under Sir Lowry Cole, hastened to his assistance, but, after several hours of desperate fighting, Byng and Cole were compelled to retire before overwhelming numbers. New ground was taken on the 27th, when Soult despatced a heavy column during the night, by a circuituous march, with the object of turning the British position. In the grey dawn of a summer's morning this column commenced the ascent of a hill in the direct line of march, the French officer in command little dreaming that there was a lion in his path. Wellington divining that the attempt would be made on the same night, posted a force of Cazadores, commanded by Walter O'Hara, of the 47th, who was also an officer in the Portugese army, on the top of the hill. O'Hara's sentries perceived the approach of a dense column of the enemy just at the dawn of day. Instantly forming his men, he dashed down the hill at the head of 150 fixed bayonets, as opposed to 4,000. The French column did not see that they were almost thirty times as strong as their assailants, and supposing that the whole Baitish army was on their front, fled with precipitation and the attempt of Soult was baffled. Captain O'Hara was for this act of reckless daring promoted to the Majoralty on the field to take part in the combat of Sauroren next day, the battles of Sauroren and Roncevalles being designated by the Duke as "fair bludgeon work." A famous general once said that the courage he admired was the three o'clock in the morning courage. The above was that kind.

M. O.

[The streets mentioned, Roncevalles and Sauroren were named by Captain O'Hara in commemoration of these engagements].

EDITOR.

TEN days per annum is the average amount of sickness in human life.

A VIRNNESE professor says that the figure of the average human male is much nearer perfection than that of the female.

THE oyster is one of the strongest creatures on the earth. The force required to open an oyster is more than thirteen hundred times its weight.

A FRENCH scientist declares that the domestic pets of the world carry at least thirty per. cent. of the common contagious diseases from house to house.

A GRAIN of fine sand would cover one hundred of the minute scales of the human skin, and yet each of these scales in turn covers from three hundred to five hundred pores.

AT Macedonian weddings the groom leads the bride into her new home by a halter, and when she enters he knocks her head against the wall, as a warning of what she may expect if she does not behave well.

INVENTOR Edison is a vegetarian. Noveliest H. Rider Haggard is a vegetarian. Professor Swing is a vegetarian. Sir Isaac Newton was a vegetarian. All the Greek philosphers, sages, and seers ate no flesh.

DYSPEPSIA is said to be one of the causes of premature baldness, and massage as a preventive is highly recommended. The scalp must be gently moved backwards and forwards to excite circulation, while the hands remain in one position.

IN each respiration an adult inhales one pint of air; a healthy man respires sixteen to twenty times a minute, or twenty thousand times a day; a child, twenty-five to thirty times a minute. While standing, the adult respiration is twenty-two times per minute; while lying down, thirteen.

ONE of the many curiosities now added to the British Museum collection is a Chinese bank-note issued during the reign of the Emperor Hung-Wu, A. D. 1368-99. This is the earliest specimen of a bank-note known to exist in any country. It is 300 hundred years earlier than the establishment of the first European bank which issued notes.

THE tea-gown which fair woman most approves is modelled, though she does not know it, after the death-robe in which the Queen of Scots laid her head upon the block. Would anybody suppose there were such associations joined with the long robe "spangled with gold," with its train, and its borders of feathers, and its angel sleeves, and its wide Medici collar of lace, and its chain of "sweet smelling beads?"

AUNT CLARA. "Well, Danny, have you been a good boy at school this month?"

Danny (undecided). "I couldn't say, Aunt Clara. The teacher hasn't given us our reports for the month yet."

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AGNES (returning from church-fair where she attended a booth)—"Oh, Tom! what do you think we took in?"

TOM (who attended the night before, sadly)—"Me!"

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